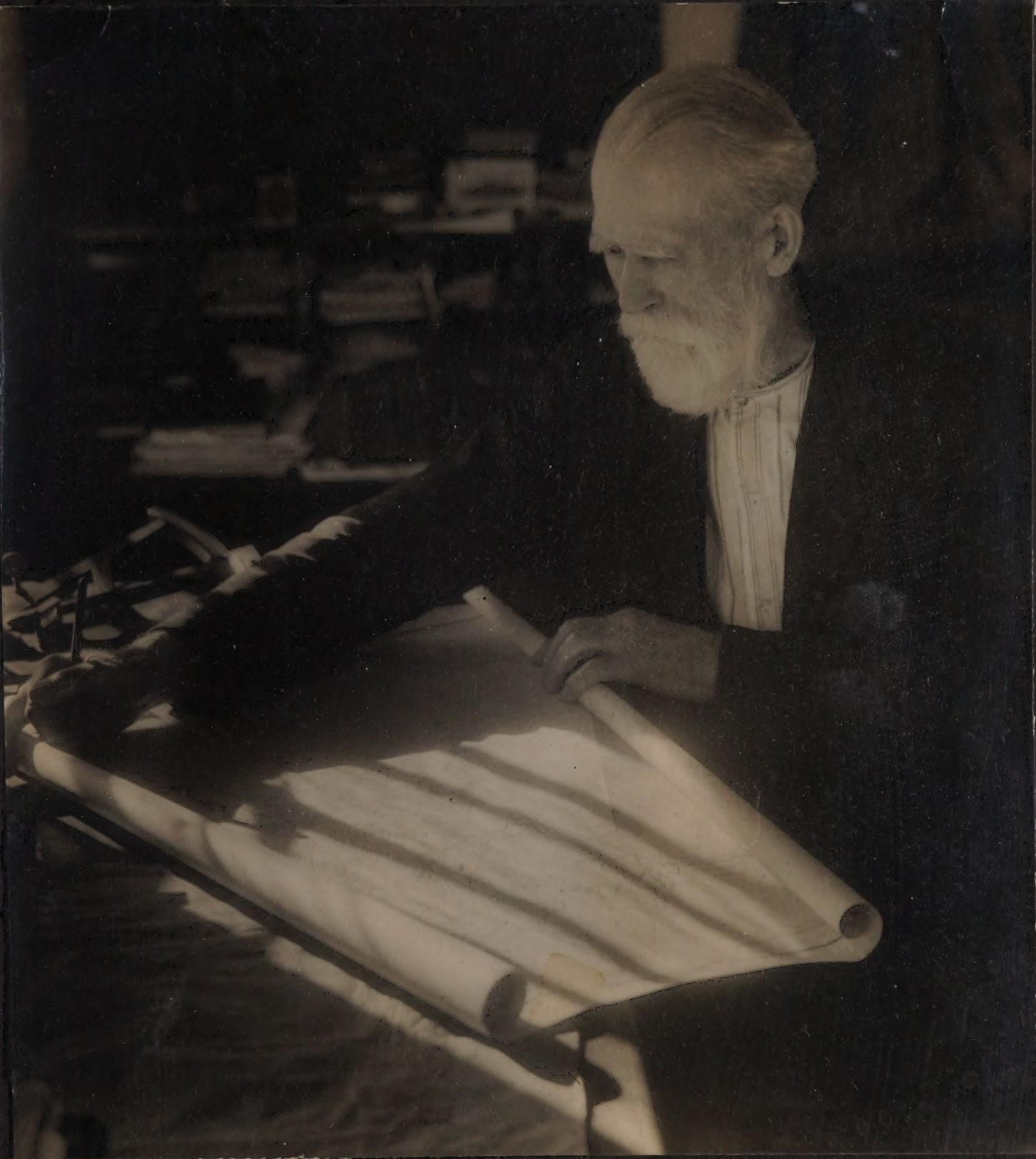




Recent Photograph of James Henry Sherman, one of the few remaining typical old New Bedford Sea Captains studying an old sea chart. Captain James Henry Sherman, 86 years of age, during a period of 28 years sailed on the following whale-ships out of port of New Bedford.

First ship Cleon, when 18 years of age, then - Canton, Congress, Nautilus, Govener Troupe, Milton, Canton, and Mermaid - eight in all. Captain Sherman has the honor of being one of the oldest Sea Captains of the famous Whaling City alive.



878 (1)

SunsetxMemories.

"THE FOREMAST HEAD".

A simple reveiw of episodes and activities
of bygone whaling days.

Dedicated to two God Fearing Seamen, who
during a long voyage of over 4years learned to intimately
know and respect each other and who at differing periods
were Masters of the same old gallant bark, "The Canton"

My Father,

Captain George Lyman Howland, who tho now at
rest from the storms of life yet lives in the mind of
the writter constantly an inspiration. to ~~follow every noble~~
diligently follow evry noble aspiration.

My Friend,

Captain James Henry Sherman, a vigorous
example of strong will and courage, indomitable in
spirit.

amount of everything needed.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY

OF THE HISTORY OF THE HUMAN MIND

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878 Voyage 1 - Cleone. (Ship) (2)

The autumn of 1862 found me packin' up to go whalin'. The Cleone was bound out and I was to ship on her. Owners of the vessel welcomed a chance to sign up young fellows, ^{air} They counted on enthusiasm makin' up for lack of experience. In most cases that proved smart foresight. So our crew numbered several young townies, to whom the whole business of whalin' was a new and exciting adventure.

Farm work was mostly done for the year. All along Mother had been makin' me a lot of clothin'. Mostly dresses with weavin' and sewin' done by hand, although readymade material could be bought in the stores.

It was quite a job to get ready all the articles needed. Voyages were of uncertain length, may be as long as four years. So it was necessary to provide a goodly amount of everything needed.

(3)

Every man had his own wooden chest when he went aboard. That was his sole, sacred possession. It held all his worldly goods modest or otherwise - and any little trinkets he might want to carry along for his pleasure while at sea.

Should one not be fortunate enough to be outfitted at home he then had to go down on Water Street, where the land-sharks had their shops. Most unfortunate for the fellow, too. Those outfitters bit every body they could. Took their pound of flesh and some to boot.

Likely as not, when a poor fellow came out of one of those shops his bill was bigger'n his outfit. Much of the clothin' was very inferior and cheap, that is in real worth. Doin' rough work of a whalerman, it wouldn't much more'n start him on a good voyage.

Many times a whalerman couldn't put up money for what he needed. So the outfitter took a lien on his voyage, and settlement was made when he returned home. As soon as the ship sailed he could go to her owners and get his pay. He was sure he didn't risk much.

Top o' that, all the things a man was short of and needed later was supplied by the ship's slop chest, also at big prices. It often worked out most unjustly, sir. Many a whalerman owed the firm money after he made a long and greasy voyage for 'em.

As I said, all a man's outfit was contained in his chest. That chest was his seat also - yes, and his dinin' table and bed fellow. It was lashed to the deck and only taken up when the fo'castle was washed out. That was often too, as

(5)

smokers and chewers of tobacco got the deck mighty messy at times.

Niggerheads - that's an inferior grade of tobacco - were a part of each ship's supplies. The owners sold this to the men, through the ship's master, at big prices. Or a master might offer a pound or so of tobacco as a prize for gettin' fast to a whale.

So when the Cleone shipped out past Cuttyhunk I was on her. Captain William Allen was her master. And ^{besides} shippin' with several acquaintances, I considered myself fortunate to go with such a noted whaler.

He had been on many voyages and was always successful. A kindly but firm man who knew his mind. One ship, the Huntress, was built for him, and when his crew mutinied, he brought them back in irons.

But he was a man who stood high in the whalin' business, and I considered myself fortunate to be one of his crew.

The chief mate was a man named Maxfield. A capable chief officer, once the master of a ship himself. He knew how to handle men without being too domineering.

The second mate was a negro known as Mr. Gould. He had also had experience and was respected, despite his color. In the third ranking was Smith, another ex-master, and Philip Mosher as fourth mate completed the ship's officers.

Both officers and crew were of uncommon sorts. The Civil War was over and the price of oil was high. Most men who knew anything about the business were hurryin' to sign up as ship's officers while good profits were in prospect.

of a critter movin' about within ten miles of you.

Mr. Mayfield also took a lively interest in us youngsters. He used to like to call us out on deck after supper for practice.

"How'd you sing out, my men", he would say, "when you see a whale breechin' and makin' white water?"

"Thar she blo-o-w-w-s", we'd yell lustily.

"And if you see sun shinin' on critter's back?"

"Black skin!"

"And if she shows flukes?"

"I har goes flukes!"

This procedure amused Mr. Mayfield very much.

He knew there wasn't the slimmest chance of any of us raisin' a whale.

The eye has to be educated to see these things. Greenhands most never

never raise a whale because they don't know what to look for. A critter might spout right under one's nose and not be seen if it's a bit rough - yet an old timer could spy a beech miles and miles away and be fairly certain about it. 1-8

So this breakin' in of the crew went on for days. Greenies from the farm, the factory, and the countin' room were gradually worked into fairly respectable seamen. They took to it easily being young and serious.

Captain Allen was not like some masters who picked up any old bum or loafer who could be persuaded or blackjacked into signin' up. A bottle of gin was as good as a man's signature, or cross, sometimes. And many an old Yankee skipper just as soon get his man by liquor as to say his prayers on a Sabbath morning. 2

But I want it plainly known, sir, that the Cleone carried a crew not a shade like that. Young town fellows signed up because of promises of quick wealth or to escape the war draft. They were without exception hard workin' and industrious.

Of course, we were ^{driven} pretty relentlessly at the start. Up at eight bells and hard at it 'til dark. But then there was a heap to learn and a thousand odds and ends to stow away before a boat could be lowered away for a whale. You can't yoke an ox you know, 'til he's fit and trained!

We had been out about a month when early one mornin' the officer in the foremast lookout raised his glasses and scanned the horizon for a moment in one spot. "White water," he sang down to the officer on deck.

And an instant later, "I har she blo-o-w-w-s," as he proved to his satisfaction that he had sighted a whale.

Captain Allen had just emerged from his quarters when he heard that stirring whaler's cry.

"Where away," he called back to the officer in the lookout?

"Two points off lee bow," came back the reply.

"Keep 'er as you're headed now," he ordered the man at the wheel; and added, muttering more to himself, "she may blow white water to every officer of the crew but she'll have to blow it to me also."

So sayin' he grabbed his spy-glasses and went aloft to see for himself. That was a natural thing for a skipper to do - investigate to find out if it proved

to be any thing of value or not.

Apparently he satisfied himself that a whale had been sighted, for in a moment he sang down, "Aye, she blo-o-w-w-s off lee bow. Get your boats ready thar".

That last order was hardly necessary for every man knew what to do and had set about doing it.

Well, sir, that was the thrill of a lifetime. At last, we were going to be face to face with the biggest thing that lives. The ship took on new life and activity - just like a spanked child burstin' out. Greenhands were a bit nervous, but every last man of us, as we hurried to our places in the boats, strained our eyes leeward to try and catch a glimpse of the critter whose black bulk could just be made out in the distance he was from our ship.

The old man - that's Captain Allen - remained at the masthead.

"Let'er huff up some", he ordered the man at the wheel.

I suppose this was so as not to approach too near the whale, now runnin' about one point off the lee bow goin' to leeward. A very favorable position.

A moment later he called down again, "Haul aback the main yard and lower away".

Almost instantly four boats were overboard glidin' swiftly but cautiously toward that object. amblin' along with about a mile of salt water between us.

Excitement was intense. Here was a new and great adventure for us, sir.

I was in No. 1 boat, as the chief mate saw how I knew a good deal about boats and chose me for his bow oarsman.

That was the first place filled after he picked his boatsteerer, a Kanaka, named Harry, who was afterwards known as Mr. Harry. By common courtesy the first mate's boat is lowered first.

Maxfield and the Kanaka boatsteerer had been to sea a long time and knew just what to do. We lowered and shored off with quiet speed, then set the main-sheet and headed to ^{the}ward ~~the~~ spot where the whale was last seen.

The sail is hauled up if the whale is to leeward. If to windward we have to pull up, bein' careful not to make a sound with our oars. The sight of a whale is not keen but he has an uncanny way of hearin' unusual noises, even at long distances, or detectin' when one of his number is disturbed. A slight noise might alarm

him or scare him quickly away out of sight or reach.

So usin' sail and short paddles - for the wind was light - we moved noiselessly for'ard so far as it was safe without overrunning the critter.

You see, in approachin' a whale, we have to use judgement and calculation, as he goes under water for certain periods, usually forty five minutes.

It would be a serious thing, if he should come up directly under the boat. So we stood off to be safe!

In the boat's bow the Kanaka boatsteerer was poised for action, iron in hand. And every last man of us had removed his shoes in case we were knocked overboard by some sudden caper of the whale. That was a tense few minutes - just waitin'. Somewhere near

us there would soon be a spout like steam out of a tea kettle nose and black skin would show itself. Then it would be a battle of wits against brute strength.

To strike and get fast to a whale we have to go head ~~on~~ head or directly behind him, clear the corner of his flukes and slant the boat away out of danger.

But as we had not yet seen our prey we hove to and awaited clearer directions. All was expectancy and silence. I say silence, but it seemed you could hear the heartbeats of the youngsters in the crew, who were feeling their biggest thrill just then.

Suddenly that Kanaka's keen eyes spied the fellow just off the lee bow.

"There he is," he called, and pointed his finger to a spot ahead. Not a hundred yards away the big critter had

showed himself, Only for an instant, however. Then he sounded idly again and disappeared from sight.

But Maxfield was wise in the ways of these creatures. A nicely mannered whale didn't scent danger. He used his flukes leisurely, goin' nowhere in particular and takin' his time to do it. That was a good sign and gave us confidence.

All this Maxfield observed, and he figured just about where the critter would rise again and show his black skin. To that point we turned the nose of our small craft and waited.

It was clear to me that we were to come up behind our prey. Sort of tag him as he was headin' away from us. Harpooner, boatsteerer, and all the rest of us fixed our eyes about where Maxfield

thought the creature would show himself.

I suppose we waited about forty minutes. It seemed like hours to me.

"She blo-o-w-w-s", called Maxfield, who was the first to see Mr. Whale just ahead of us. His back was out of the water and he was stayin' on top breathin'.

"Slack that sheet a bit - and steady now", commanded Maxfield, as he steered our boat into the right position for attack.

The Kanaka boatsteerer had pulled in his forward oar and taken up his stand against the chimney cleat - hand was on his harpoon in expectancy of right moment and place to strike.

"Give it to him, Harry", shouted our first mate.

With muscles fairly bustin' from his neck, Harry heaved the harpoon straight to its mark.

That was the supreme moment. We were fast to God's greatest creature. The boat cleared the flukes and was slanted off out of danger.

"Down mast and sail," Maxfield commanded. This was done as quickly as possible and he sprang forward shiftin' ends with the boatsteerer who went aft to take the long steerin' oar pointin' 'er off as ordered to get our boat away from the whale in case he stirred up a mess and made trouble.

"Lay off hard," Maxfield yelled again - and none too soon for Mister Whale gave a quick roll to'ards us, and it was apparent that anything might happen.

Well, sir, that was a thrill for a boy. Scared? Not by Davy Jones locker! It all happened too fast an' I was too much interested in what was goin'

on to feel shaky in my boots - which, come to think, I didn't have on.

But what of the whale? Well, he didn't know anything was within a thousand miles of him until that barb stung him. As we slanted out of danger I could see his black bulk give a quiver or two and lay still.

In another moment he rolled to'ard us again. We expected him to sink like a ton weight - plumb the depths to rid himself of that smarting contraption in his side. I even watched the tub of line, expectin' it to sing out through the bow-chock at any minute.

Maxfield sensed that the critter could n't make up his mind what to do - fight or run, so he ordered us to haul in close and keep our line taut. It was plain that any thing might be expected.

As I afterwards learned, you never ^{can} tell what a whale will do. Some fight and some don't. Some show sudden fury and some run.

Now, it is the business of the boatsteerer to get away to a safe position and to out-manoeuvre the whale, no matter which way he turns. If he runs, its one thing; if he stays to'ard the boat, its another.

If this, one can be certain, that a wounded creature is goin' to make a powerful effort to get free of that iron. If he gets his flukes to workin' he can set himself to runnin' away pretty fast. If he's ugly he can stare any boat within reach.

While our whale was tryin' to make up his mind what to do, we were goin' on him closer and closer.

Took in slack line as we went along.
Hauled in lively or eased up as
Maxfield directed so as to be ready for
any emergency.

You understand, sir, the iron
don't kill the critter. That must be done
with the long lance. Got to pierce
in under the ribs and reach 'long to
the heart and lungs - the vital organs,
about a point four course. Required a
good deal of skill. And nerve, too!

But when it came to the killin' Maxfield
knew right where the whale's life was.
He knew all the dangers, too. How a quiet
creature, such as we saw before us,
might instantly turn to a nervous,
mad dened bulk of rage, ready to crush
anything and everything in its path.

So you can easily see why we were
careful in workin' our way close alongsides

driven further - Cant (20)
(24)

That was the moment Maxfield had waited for. He shoved his long lance, with one stroke deep into the critter's side and pumped it back and forth to reach his vitals. Quickly we pulled off and awaited developments.

Waited, that's it! The death blow was true enough. We looked for the usual death struggle, great flukes churning the water, unbelievable fury, the menace of great jaws snapping furiously - but to our amazement none of these things happened. Maxfield and the Kanake boatsteerer looked at each other and grinned.

"Look here, lads," he said half laughin', to his crew, "this here ain't worth one chew of the skipper's 'bacco."

He was just about right. Only a moment later the monster belched forth a spout of blood, raised his head high out of the water in one final dying spasm and

and fell back motionless.

There before us was our first catch rolled over on his side - dead as a piece of New Bedford granite - red water all 'round his black bulk lookin' like an overturned boat. That was one of the strangest kills I ever saw.

A truly remarkable whale! Didn't go down or run out of his tracks - nor take out any line - just lay there and rolled. (He was struck properly so as to cause a right good kill.

That was a tame catch to the old-timers in the crew. But we landlubbers, out of sight of New Bedford for the first time, were in a high pitch of excitement. It looked like a greasy voyage and good fortune!

My first lesson in whalin', it was, and I kept alive to every situation. To see

driven bottles - Part (90)
(26)

Max field lance that critter right where his life was, right in his vitals - which like all animals is protected by backbone and ribs - was indeed a wonderful experience. One, too, I never forgot. You see, sir, all I ever learned was from observation, not schoolin'. But I guess that's about the surest way after all.

(Add how whale is brought to ship, cut in and tried out.)

With the last ounce of oil drippin' blubber, put through the try pots, we shaped our course for Fayal. Ninety odd barrel of oil that first whale made us - blanc and sweet smellin' to the nostrils. A fair catch and a fat one, and easily taken.

We had been out but twenty-seven days when we reached Fayal. So we put into that port to ship the oil back to th

Cleon's owners in New Bedford. That was the custom if whales were taken during the early part of the voyage or near a port of common call.

A very unexpected thing happened here. Capt. Allen and his wife left the ship and returned to the States. No reason was given for this action. I got the idea that ship wasn't fitted in her provisions as she should be. But I couldn't see how that could count for much. He could get anything he was a mind to for he was a very successful master of whalin' vessels.

Like as not the truth was, that the Alabama, one of the Confederate privateers, was burnin' every whaler on sight in that area. That being the case, Captain Allen didn't figure to run undue ^{risk} with his wife aboard. Any way, it was a hasty good by to his crew and he was off. We saw

driven pretty reluctant (28)

him sail out of the harbor as we loaded fresh food and water for the trip South'ar

Capt. Allen leavin' the ship made necessary a change in officers. Maxfield, the first mate, was put in charge as master. All the other mates were moved up one rank, leavin' the position of boatsteerer open.

The skipper had told his officers on the way out that they should look to that boy Sherman. I afterwards learned that he thought I was a lively fellow among the lot and took an interest in every thing. So, soon after sailin' out of Fayal for the Southern whalin' grounds I was moved upward in rank and became boatsteerer. That made me a happy lad, but I was confident in my ability.

The Cloue, now under the command of Mr. Maxfield, was headed out

across the equator into the South Atlantic grounds off the east coast of South America. Hence, we moved eastward to the Tristan Islands in a sort of triangle over near the tip of Africa.

We found plenty of rough weather just after crossin' the equator. Then it turned calm - and was the dreamiest atmosphere you ever saw. So passed the days goin' southward all the time toward the limit of drift ice where whales might likely be found.

Gonies, followed us relentlessly - that's the white winged albatross, you know, the largest of all sea birds.

But they did n't bring us a show of good luck. White water? Well, never a sight of it, though we strained our eyes 'round every point of the compass till they fairly bulged.

Mr. Mayfield was certainly a most unlucky master. Fancy spreadin' canvass out of the Azores in '62 - beatin' down acrosswards the South Atlantic - catchin' the tail of trade winds, carryin' us leisurely over to South Africa, near St. Helena - tackin' back and forth in Little Fish Bay - and not more than a greasy ham to smell up the try pots. Yes sir, one ~~was~~ twenty-barrel whale. Just a splatter in the belly of a bark full of empty casks.

You may doubt that we could miss all the big-creatures in the South Atlantic, cruisin' as we did all the time. That's the way with the business, however. Times were when a bark couldnt raise a ripple in that ground without raisin' whales also.

But it was whispered 'round that

there were unbelievers aboard. Maybe that's the answer! If you don't mind my sayin' so, the Lord deals harshly with unbelievers. That may be the answer.

When we put into Fayal at the end of the twelve months we found a new master awaitin' us, a Capt. Flanders. Sent out by the owners to take over the ship.

Don't ask me why! Yankee intuition, maybe, which sensed that no good could come of allowin' Maxfield to continue the voyage. Anyway, a young chap like me didn't give that much thought. Whalin' was new and excitin'. Still much of a greenhand, I was takin' in a good many things that went on aboard and not sayin' much. I figured that was the best way to do after all.

Losin' the ship was a great blow to Maxfield.

Ill. luck had dogged him. He not only brought the bark back almost clean after a year's cruise but he found himself relieved as master.

Instead of goin' back as chief mate, as he ought to, he left the Cleone in a huff. Wounded his pride, no doubt. A little humility would have paid better than haste. But he declared he wasn't shackled to the old bark and he would take his chances elsewhere.

Under Capt. Flanders, we loaded on fresh water and vegetables and sailed out of Fayal, pointing West by North and homeward bound.

All the officers were stepped up again so that the man who went out as third mate became chief mate, fourth became second and my cousin who shipped as boatsteerer was made third mate. This

change favored all the officers who really seemed pleased with the prospect of more action - and a change of luck.

Capt. Flanders was a religious man, born and reared on Martha's Vineyard. But he pursued whales relentlessly, sin, mixin' prayer with keen sight. While readin' his Bible regularly he kept chidin' his lookouts to exercise their best eyes seaward so that no show of white water would escape them.

As we were on whalin' ground, it was our new Skipper's tactics to cruise slowly and look thoroughly. So we shortened sail every night and set it again soon after day break. This method allowed us to edge along comfortably with little likelihood of missin' any spout within sight.

In the short time Capt. Flanders
to Max per.

was with us we did quite well. Took over 180 barrels of oil, mostly from medium sized sperm.

It was short success, but sweet. As we put away the drippin' blubber from a young cow and cleaned the deck of the greasy mess, we passed out of the likely whalin' grounds and set full sail for home. November found us puttin' into New Bedford. The sight of the old home town made us happy indeed. For many of us it was the first cruise, but we spit on enough boilin' oil in that short time to satisfy our curiosity for a whaler's life, and home looked good at the moment.

That ~~was~~ ^{we} what ~~we~~ call a broken voyage. Didn't stay out near as long as we set out to. My share - we call it a lay - from the trip wasn't much. Bout \$44.00 all told.

But as my outfit didn't cost much,
that was clear money.

My brother had just returned from a
successful voyage on the ^{Young} Phoenix and
had over \$400.00 comin' to him. So we both
put all we had into helpin' our folks
out of debt on a new house they
built. So things turned out well for
all of us, though in a small way.

Second Voyage - Congress.

Spring of 186⁴8 and the War was still
goin' on.

For that winter, I hired out to a man
who owned three farms and a butcher
business. At the rate of \$50.00 a year
and keep, I found that wouldn't get me
very far. Might be told one day to go six
miles the next mornin' and get a load
of wood no matter what the weather was
or if it rained in fifteen minutes.

to Maxfield.

Now, sir, one could go a whole whaling voyage and not wet his skin. Protection was good and much work was done under cover. Not so with a team and a load of wood! Besides, I had gotten my sea legs and the ground began to be too quiet for them.

So I concluded to continue the whaling business with determination to go as far in it as possible.

So I shipped on the Congress, under Capt. John A. Castino, the last of May 1864, at the age of twenty. My cousin, ^{Siles L. Bennett of Dartmouth, Mass.} signed as third mate and I as boatsteerer.

There was great uncertainty in going aboard of a ship with officers who don't know what kind of stuff is in a man. He may not be given a good chance to prove his worth and ability and it was bad business to miss a whale.

That put a mark upon him it was hard to live down. But as I knew my cousin well and had confidence in him. I felt I was running no risk and that I would be given every chance to make good.

On this voyage we were bound for the Northern Pacific Ocean and the cold Arctic regions. It was there that we would find the bowhead whales which yielded whale bone. In its crude state that fetched \$5.87 per pound. It was a highly important product of whale fishery. One time it used to be thrown away as worthless. Then someone discovered it could be used in making women's corset stays. So the feminine figure became dependent upon those big creatures up in the Arctic. That's why we headed in that direction.

We entered the Western grounds.

To Maxfield.

near the Azores - late in June, and here I got my first chance at a whale.

Remember I was boatsteerer in my ^{Giles Bennett, years later, was a whaling captain} Cousins boat. That's a very responsible job, being a boatsteerer aboard a ^{of the Bark Matilda Sears. Voyage, 1877-1881. Died at} Panamanian, in Pt. S. of Columbia, of fever, Oct. 3, 1881, whaling ship. Hes the man who has to put the irons in. One of those harpoons is bent onto the main line, while a second - which also may be attached to the same line, is kept along side to be used if you don't get fast with the first or have a chance to get the better of the whale. Some times the second iron is badly needed, for if struck, the whale is likely to start gettin' out of the place pretty speedily. Sudden danger alarms any thing.

We came upon this whale in fair weather. His black body was outlined just as nice as you please right.

off our lee bow. It looked as if we could do a clean cut piece of business right there.

But my cousin's judgment wasn't good. I didn't know it, but we were on the wrong side of the whale, so in givin' him the irons I had to half twist my body. That killed some of the force.

Any way, I got the order, "Give it to 'im", and hurled the harpoon with all my might. But it went through so much water that the force was spent, on account also it being too far away. So the blubber was just pierced - hay-forked, that's all.

Blubber, you know, is like an orange peel on the outside of the fruit. The harpoon must go through that thick skin to hold by the blade to Max's.

That turns outward when the iron is pulled. If only in the blubber, not through it, the iron slips out on the pull.

That was a bad predicament to be in. I'd only been a boatsteerer a short time and there I missed my first whale because I wasn't put near enough to him.

No sir, it wasn't because I was afraid. I never was afraid when comin' up to a whale. What's the use of bein' scared? I was there, the whale was there. A job was to be done and bein' nervous didn't help matters one bit. In fact it took away some of the power of a man just when he needed all he's got.

In this case, my cousin was clearly to blame. I didn't know but

what the irons ought to have gone in. But he was older at the business and should have had better judgment - should have put me in the right spot.

That iron was just a pin prick to that whale who didn't know there was any thing within a thousand miles of him. As he sounded out of sight we slid right over his back.

That was another bad blunder.

Suppose the critter had taken fright and raised his flukes. I would have knocked the forward end of the boat to smithereens.

If I had complained, my cousin would probably have ^{been} broken - a very bad thing, sir - and sent forward to the fo'castle among the rest of the hands and much the worst part of the boat. I couldn't see that happen to him so to Maxfield.

I just kept still. But I learned a lesson about whalin' I never forgot, and I never missed gettin' my irons into a critter after that.

Well, I was young and the skipper didn't say any thing, so I didn't see fit to tell him. But I got on top of the next whale. I plied my iron down into his back and vitals and he went down smooth. I calculated I made up for the first blunder.

Gettin' fast to one of those critters is mighty dangerous. You can't tell what in the world is goin' to take place right off. That whale might roll sharp toward you or he might turn right short under the boat. Easy to get into an awful mess. And it's best to let him get familiar. Got to keep

at a respectful distance every minute.

Where the harpoon goes through the blubber, a strain comes back on the head of the iron, the toggle turns at right angles, catches and holds. Blubber is tough and sinewy, you know. The iron can't be hauled out the place it went in unless the pin breaks. That is just a detail of whalin', brought to mind because of tellin' about that one I hay-forked.

That experience showed me it is very dangerous business catchin' whales. Here's the largest and most powerful creature known to man and a crew of six in a frail craft tryin' to get a bit of an iron into him. The whole thing is a failure if you can't do that.

To Max per.

You can't just tickle him or prick him without gettin' him startled plenty. Then his first impulse is to get away, and get away fast.

If you do get close enough to harpoon him - say about 15 feet - then you got to be careful to keep away from his flukes. They are sometimes 15 feet across and a whale can use them most powerfully if he's hurt and startled. The boat's officer must use good judgment, for should he go over the top of the flukes, and they should go up, the boat would be broken into a thousand pieces and all hands scattered into the water.

That's where a man has got to have nerve and do his job whatever happens. Whole lot of those whalin' hands expressed all they felt, but some

of them never showed they were afraid of whales until after they were slewed about by one of the maddened creatures. It would not make good talk at home to show fear, and a fellow's chance would be slim with man or maid.

As I said, we were bound South and round Cape Horn. That took us through familiar waters - the Western grounds. For both ship and skipper had been there before. The grounds were overrun with whales at one time. The scene of countless battles with the ^{whale} generally outwitted. But the days I first went there, there was seldom smell of grease. So it was little wonder that our look-outs were silent, days at a time, though we beat back and forth always with high hopes.

As we were nearin' Cape Verde Islands,

however, we sighted a school of sperm whales just before dusk, Captain Castino allowed we should take a chance, even with night comin' on. So we loaded and pulled away.

The third mate - my cousin - took us alongside the nearest critter and I put the iron into him good and solid. A moment later, the second mate came up and also got fast.

He wasn't so big, as whales go, but he was as lively as a pup. 'Bout a 50 barrel bull whale, I should say. With two lines fast on him - you've had a thorn in your finger - well that critter had two big thorns in his side and set out to get rid of them some way. He rolled first on one side then the other 'til we had paid out much line, and that was a tangled mess about the

black body before us. Then he took it into his head to run, and run he did a-draggin' two boats of six men each round like as if they were toys.

It was gettin' dark and it was plain something had to be done quickly. Each of the mates tried a couple of times to kill but did a blanderin' job of it. I was too inexperienced to talk to them fellows, but I believe I could have got into that creature's vitals in a short time.

But there we were, fast to a whale at night and didn't know which direction our ship lay. All of which didn't appeal to any of us. The best we could judge was that we were goin' round in a circle, and not very fast. Of course, our ship was probably standing in under short sail while we were out

but just where she was - that was what we were all wonderin'.

Dear me, it was a shame the mates didn't kill the critter just because it was night. That didn't seem to be a good reason to me. He might have taken a notion to get out of those parts. If he did, we couldn't go with him or we might never have gotten back.

The thing to do was to get at his vitals right off and stop his career. When it is dark, a whale has a phosphorescent appearance. You can easily see his outline and learn where his vitals are - shoulder blades, backbone, heart and lungs. Whatever you do to a whale, if you cut his entrails it means sure death.

But the mates didn't see fit to use

the bomb lances. After they tried to kill him a couple of times in the darkness, they just hung fast and let him run wherever he wanted to go.

It was fortunate for us that the habit of a whale is to run in circles. As each boat had its lantern lighted, and these were held high by the men, it was comparatively easy for the Congress to keep us in sight while standing by. If the whale had taken a notion to head for parts unknown, our lantern would not have been seen and things would have been serious for us, alright.

As things turned out, the situation was not dangerous, but I always thought of it as a clumsy piece of business for our mates. With all their experience not to have killed that whale and had the blubber pot boilin' over his carcass

by daylight was well nigh childish.

This playin' round went on 'til early mornin'. When we got to him, he was used up bad and took the lance with scarcely a quiver. When we saw him out, we were greatly relieved. Bein' fast to a gallied and nervous whale all night had left us a bit tired. So we welcomed this peaceful end to the chase and settled down to await the comin' of the ship.

By early forenoon, the Congress sighted us and drew alongside. Fact was, we were not far out of sight.

The skipper kept a pretty good account of us even in the night. Our lanterns were in view part of the time and from their position the watch could tell about what was happenin'. It was lucky the fair breeze didn't turn to

gales as we would have lost our whale and had difficulty in saving ourselves.

Shortly after takin' this whale, we put into Fayal for supplies and a couple of recruits. While there, Capt. Castino decided to do some paintin'. So one mornin', we turned up the larboard side to paint 'er. The mate's boatsteerer was on deck so I was put to work on the job.

Capt. Castino was a bit boastful, sir, and came on deck to show me how to do the work. He hadn't taken but a few strokes - explainin' just how it should be done - when he dropped the brush overboard. Then he got another one from the supply chest and handed it to me without a word. I finished the job. You see, comin' off the farm as I did, I knew

something about paintin', although he thought I was a young, inexperienced fellow.

From Fayal, we headed Southward again to make Cape Horn. It was bad thick weather to take the Straits of Lamas to the great Pacific, but Capt. Castino decided to go that way instead of round the island.

For seven days, gales of wind kept buttin' us in the head, so we couldn't get along at all. They just kept repeatin' themselves. Didn't seem to be any end to rough seas.

Finally, when we got round into the Pacific, the gales blew out and it died away calm. And here close upon us one day we saw a school of whales - sperms at that.

They seemed to be followin' us. In

passin' from one ocean to another, they
point into those gales of wind. They
instinctively know where they are goin'-
no guess work about that. They know where
they are goin' and how to get there. They
don't bump their heads against land, as
you might suppose. That is proved by
by a ship that got fast to a whale in
the Atlantic, broke her iron in the
critter and lost him. Later, another
ship captured the same whale in the
Pacific, wounded and with the
first ship's iron stuck deep in his side.

As the winds had moderated and
we were idlin' long, they apparently
had caught up ^{with} us.

No crew could ^{be} more surprised
than we were, suddenly to find our-
selves bein' caught up with by the
very critters we were pursuin'.

During the rough weather round the Cape, we had taken in the bow boat ~~so~~ so there was no chance for us. But the second mate lowered, struck a whale, killed it and soon got along side ^{alright}

Then the captain and the officers held a consultation and decided because it was a long whale, they better roll the body off; that is, take the blubber and leave the head go. Mind you, the gales had died away but they were afraid the storms might blow up again and the whole carcass be lost.

Young as I was, and havin' had little experience, I argued that we should take the head because the change of weather would indicate a favorable chance to continue until well out of danger. I was brought up on Elizabeth Islands and knew a thing or two about the weather.

I reasoned that if the westerly gales, succeeding one another suddenly died down and the wind breezed up from the Eastard, the storm spell had passed and there was nothing to fear. Such proved to be the case and the captain and mates were wrong. My judgment was superior to the whole boddam of 'em, young as I was.

But the mates didn't stand on my side, figurin' I was a greenhand and my opinion was of little account so they rolled the blubber off and let the head go, even though it was so small it could have been handled easily.

Well, a fifty barrel whale was valuable with sperm oil worth \$2.50 a gallon right in war time. The head alone was probably worth \$1,000.00 - quite a mass to set adrift, especially when the

weather was favorable to takin' it

We were boilin' out the blubber as fast as possible when the wind freshened. The first watch was on deck and we had the for'sail set, because that gave draft to our try works.

Later on in the night, it got to blowin' hard and the second mate attempted to take in that for'sail. When the fellow let go ^{the} sheet on the lee side, he threw off too many bolts or something. Any way, it got away from him and caught on the end of the for-yard arm.

When I came on deck in the morning, the Captain who was watchin' and standin' close to the booby hatch, says to me, "Sherman, can you clear that for'sail?" "Aye, sir," I replied, even before I knew that I could.

There was all the ship's officers on deck and the fourth mate and a whole watch had just come down from tryin to get that for'sail off the for'yard arm.

I took just one man and a tail block and scampered aloft. That block was quite large and had a tail we could easily make fast.

I got it in my head right away what I had to do. Put a single rope through that block for the crew to haul on. Then I made that fast to the end of the topsail yard that was just above us. You can see the liftin power it had.

When I sung out to the men below to haul to on that rope they did it. That lifted the for'sail up enough so we could easily shove it off the yard.

That was quite a thing for a young fellow to do, when the Captain and his mates with all their years of experience couldn't accomplish it. They didn't know how and couldn't figure it out.

I just used good judgment - and that's what made me a good whalerman - judgment.

When you get fast to a whale, and he goes down, you got to calculate where he is likely to come up and be pretty near that spot.

Certainly, you have to have better judgment than to stop where he went down. He's not likely to come up there, and if he did your boat probably wouldn't go far again after he got through ^{with} it.

If you struck a whale and he went down and he took 100 fathoms of

line with him, then came right up, he'd take nearly 100 fathoms more out of the boat. We must slack the rope until the critter comes to the top for the ^{water} resistance is so great, we would not be able to hold on otherwise. Now it takes good judgment to get away clear and figure out just what whale and line will do.

Poor judgment works against the owners. As in the incident just related, in which we let the valuable sperm head go. Or, as I will tell later, when we lowered down in a gale and lost the third mate's boat. Yes, and nearly lost my self and crew when the Captain should have sent after me or set a flag for me to return. Poor judgment and bad business go hand in hand, for the owners and everybody would have suffered had we been lost. We were gettin

more whales than all the other boats together.

I do not mean, sir, to be boastful, but I want to point out the value of good judgment and efficiency as a boat header.

Well, we rounded into the Pacific and up the West Coast of South America. We sent a boat into one of ^{the} Marquesas Islands to get a supply of potatoes.

Passed the Equator and had fair passage toward the Sandwich Islands - now Hawaiian Islands, the last port of call before goin' into the Arctic regions.

Right here, sir, occurred an incident showin' how slight one's chances are of findin' whales in so vast an expanse of water.

The look out goes on every day.

aboard a whaleship, from daylight to dark, two hours apiece. Officer and boatsteerer go to main mast-head, "in the hoops", as we say. Some also have a mizzen mast watch, while the Captain always goes to the foremast, if for any reason he chooses to go aloft.

The first mate was in the main-mast lookout. As it was right after dinner I had taken up my position there also. My sight was good in those days. I thought I saw white water far off on the horizon, but I wasn't dead sure. It's easy to be fooled at such great distances.

White water? That you know is made when the whale throws his great bulk above the surface and then descends quickly, causing the mass of water to come together with great force. Sometimes young whales play, flop their

flukes and make white water. This action sends a spray high into the air high as a ship's mast, maybe.

When we see any thing like that we say, "Thar she white waters", and if the spray is very high we conclude that it is a sperm, for no whale can make white water like a sperm.

That is what I thought I saw on the far horizon from my position in the lookout.

At once I notified the first mate. He halloed down to the captain, "Sherman thought he see white water far 'way to the leeward."

"Where away?" called back Capt. Castino.

After directions were given the ship's course was immediately changed and sure enough we raised a school of sperm whales.

A greenhand most never raises any whales. They don't know how for the eye is not trained. But the whaleman who has been to sea a long time educates his eyes to detect disturbances, or discolorations. It takes long observation of the surface of the ocean to see any thing unusual, especially as there may be countless white caps roughing up the water in any half-way kind of a breeze.

It is wonderful, but you can see ten or twelve miles from the masthead and

detect the unusual - and no illusion either.

Like a man who's been to sea a long time - been out on salt water - when going leeward where vegetation is growin', he gets the scent of it a great distance out.

That's when you approach land from the ocean, you sense the change. Just the same way, a whaler may get able to sense water disturbances that may mean the presence of whales. At least, it may be wise to change the ship's course if there is the least indication of whales bein' nearby.

On board some ships, a bounty is given for raisin' whales. That may be money, whale's teeth, tobacco, or something like that. It sharpens the sight of a lookout to get this bit extra.

Well, we went into that school with only three boats in action, and we had no trouble at all in gettin' fast to three small ones and killin' 'em.

You may ask why didn't we go

after the biggest ones. Well, whales are uncanny in being able to communicate with one another. Say here's a ship, and over there four or five miles off is a centre of whales. A school may spread for several miles. If you disturb one on the edge of the school, they all know quick as a flash. How they communicate, I don't know - nor does anyone else - but it's a remarkable thing.

So you see in going into the school we couldn't pass smaller ones to get at a larger one. As soon as one discovers danger, they may all scatter and disappear. Whales presumably come together out of sympathy. But once disturbed, they may not come back together again.

We left the Hawaiian Islands in 1865 - the year the War was closed - and got away into the Arctic Ocean. There we soon learned that the Shenandoah, a Confederate privateer, was thinning out our whaling fleet by burning every vessel she could locate.

Some of the Captains who had come up lately from the Islands

knew that peace had been declared. This was not believed by the privateer's officers. So they went on destroying whaling ships wherever and whenever they could be found.

Fortunately for us it was summertime up there. There was a great deal of thick weather, fog day after day. So much so, the decks were always wet.

This condition enabled us to go just clear of the Shenandoah anchored off Plover Bay, outside Bering Strait. So we escaped her wrath and the fate of some twenty other whalers which she burned to the water and sunk.

What became of the crews of these burned ships? Well, the privateers always took the men aboard their own vessel. They were bound by rules of war to do that, you know.

Then when they got a number aboard this way, the privateer's commander would make arrangements with the next whaleship to take all these men down to the Hawaiian Islands. There they were put in charge of the American Consul and he saw to it that they got back to the States alright.

Up in those waters we got two kinds of whales - the Right and the Bowhead. The Right Whale was found as far as the Bering Strait. Beyond that in the Arctic waters was the Bowhead, which is a close relative of the Right whale.

The oil of the Bowhead wasn't so valuable but the bone brought quite a price. In one instance I remember, there was 3000 lbs. of this bone in one whale. Many of these creatures averaged 2400 lbs. and 1800 pounders were common.

The Bowhead gets its name from the shape of its head, which is like a bow. This bow standing 12 to 15 feet long is set right into that wonderful piece of mechanism. I always marvelled at God's work in making such a creature.

Neither the Bowheads or Right whale have teeth. But in their place they have numerous strips of bone fastened to the upper jaw. From these, hair or fringe, hang down on either side of the mouth. Through this enormous cavity, with the fringe acting like a great seive, the seined bit food.

These whales live on small marine life, some of which is very minute.

Not as big as a fly, I should say, though their chief food is "brit", a little, reddish jelly fish that abounds in such quantities that at times the water is colored by their presence.

The manner of feeding is like this.

The whale swims slowly just under the surface of the water. His great lips are opened sidewise, the upper pair raised and the lower pair dropped down. With his mouth thus opened wide, he scoops up the brit which passes through the long rows of bone and catches on the hair fringe.

Then when the jaw is full, the mouth is closed. With the lips kept apart, the tongue expands and contracts forcing the water out of that great cavity and the lining of the mouth retaining the food, something like an enormous strainer. Then the lips are closed and the food swallowed. Perhaps, sir, tons of marine matter are taken by a whale in a single day's feeding.

That first season in the Arctic region we struck but one Bowhead - a nice, big critter, with plenty of bone in his jaw.

We came up to him just past a drift of ice. There was a brisk breeze blowing and we got fast to him while the sail was still up. And right there

one of the strangest things happened. We lost the second mate's boatsteerer. He disappeared as completely as though swallowed by a whale. We never knew how he came to be lost. But anyway, when the sail was taken down, there was no boatsteerer in sight, and he was never seen afterwards.

You see, we kept coiled up in a box at the upper end of the boat 12 to 15 fathoms of line, so when we got fast to the whale we could dump it overboard. That gave us slack until we could get clear by using our oars.

Probably what happened was, Manuel threw the iron and got fast to the whale. Then he threw over the spare line, at the same time attempting to take down the sail so the men could get under way with their oars. In some unexplainable manner, he must have got the line that was running out hitched round his leg or arm so that he was jerked suddenly overboard. It was all done so quick that nobody saw him. The strain on the line running out was hard and might have cut off a part of his body. Line runs out so fast at times that it almost burns.

Anyway when the first mate looked
'round the boatster had ~~had~~ disappeared.
So had the whale for that matter. He was
down out of sight. Wasn't no use to cut
that line as the man was in that cold
water some where. And, of course, nobody
knew whether the line was 'round his
neck, or where. Couldn't tell about that.

He didn't come up and we gave him up
for lost. It was a strange thing for a man
to disappear without blin' seals. It only
goes to show the dangers of the whalin'
business and the hazards of bein' a boatster.

Just mention weather to any old whaler
who has done service in the Arctic, sir, and he
will cough scorn. It was terrible up there.

Fog? It was dense, so dense that the decks
were wet a great deal of the time and water
dripped from the riggin'. I used to think if I
ever got down where it was warm again
I'd never leave it.

In June, July and August, it got so warm
could take our fur mittens off, but that's all.
It would have been just as comfortable,
sailin' on a cake of ice.

And round June, nights were so wild stand masthead a little while for the whole 24 hours. During that month we went ashore once in Clover Bay, on the Asia side. But it was summertime - such as it was up there - and very disagreeable.

Mosquitos were the biggest I ever saw - grey ones big a - well - just whoppers. It was strange to see them up there, but it's one of the wonders of God's world - wonders that never cease whether you be lookin' over the sides of a greasy whaler or stayin' in one's backyard.

You reach the Arctic regions as soon as you pass through the Straits. This side of the Straits - that is South - are great fields of ice. Not like the icebergs of Greenland which break off from glaciers in great chunks. Ice up there comes through the Straits. It is more or less loose and moves. Sometimes it piles up, and woe to the ship if it gets caught in those great masses. It's vitals are crushed right out.

A simply terrible disaster happened up there in 1871. The Arctic fleet followed the whales through the Straits, workin' briskly. It was late summer and ordinarily a nor-easter blows the ice off shore.

But instead, this time, the wind came from the westward and moved the ice mass ^{and} further inshore, forcing the ships into a narrow strip of water and close to land.

These immense masses of ice kept drawin' closer and closer. Stiff west winds kept on unabated. One ship after another was caught and crumbled, the crews escapin' to other vessels.

When it appeared hopeless for the remaining ships, the crews numberin' some 1000 men, with several women and children, ^{the} set out in open boats to reach ~~seven~~ other whalers standin' by anchored miles outside of the ice packs.

The hand of God was with that lone band protectin' 'em as high seas threatened every foot of the way. Spray froze everything it touched and everyone baled for dear life. Mind you, this journey was made in small whale-boats. It was truly a miracle, don't you think, that they reached the rescue ships without loss of one person. Thirty-two ships were caught and crushed. God's almighty power showed itself.

Some years afterwards 12 more ships were lost - lost the flower of her ships up there, New Bedford did.

That's history, but little is said about it. The Almighty, I figure it out, was displeased at the course they took - that of takin' advantage of the natives in their ignorance.

I mean the practice of tradin' in rot-gut rum. New Bedford never made any money out of that stuff. It was a miserable, low-grade of liquor, unfit for pigs.

Ships carried ^{it} up there to the Arctic and traded it to the natives for valuable walrus ivory and whale-bone. Because of this rum they failed to provide for winter and starved to death. Great numbers of them did. Drunk on rot-gut rum, it blasted life right out of 'em.

That was the blackest mark on the whalin' industry. It was bad business, as you can see. New Bedford paid dearly losin' so many ships and cargoes. That was God's judgment upon 'em for doin' such a thing.

The natives were good whalers even if they did use crude methods. They made boats of wooden frames, over which were stretched walrus skins sewed together with sinew. These were light so with their paddles they made them fly over the water - I'll say they would. They were brought up in canoes and skilled in handling them in all kinds of seas.

They made long lines of walrus sinew, and on that rigged something with a hook to it. This they fastened into the whale's blubber after pursuin' him in their canoes. Then they would swarm round the critter, jabbin' him with spears sharpened on the end with shells. Crude but wonderful instruments, and quite effective too.

Blubber was one of their chief sources of food, you know, sir. What they didn't eat at the time was stored up in skins. Some of the oil was also saved and stored in the same manner. That with bone and ivory, was kept for tradin' with ships that went up there.

Some army men go to the same place.

Large walrus were attacked and killed in much the same way. Natives found them on cakes of ice, hooked onto them and practically beat them to death. Their ivory tusks were valuable for trading, and their skin was made into different articles they used.

When we didn't find whales, we often hunted the big walrus. We'd go to where we found a whole lot of 'em on a field of ice. They'd try to get off but were very slow and clumsy. We'd catch up to 'em and put something into their vitals - a long lance - get fast and kill 'em.

Most of 'em would make 20 gals. of oil. Their hide was a half-inch thick, and inside that was a layer of fat. We had to skin 'em and then try out the fat, same as whale blubber.

Cruisin' up there in the Arctic, as I have said, the weather was

sometimes thick with fog. That made it dangerous on account of ice thereabout. Because we were headed towards the ice field, when night came on, the Captain had a boatsteerer watch with the regular for'mast hand.

On this particular night, I went for'ard at 11 o'clock to relieve the man who was ⁱⁿ the bow. He was there with the for'mast hand regular lookout - the third mate.

Just at ^{the} time the watch was called - the Captain rung the bell down in his cabin for the officer on deck.

On lookin' over the bow of the ship, I noticed there was an ice field right before us, and we were headed right for it.

When I saw our position, I shouted to the man steerin', "Hard up your wheel there. Most men would n't have done that. They'd have run aft to let the officer down in the cabin know the ship's dangerous situation." By that time she'd have

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brought up and crashed into the ice head on.

I saw it was necessary to change the ship's course and put the wheel hard up. And the man at the helm put that wheel hard up, I'm tellin' you, sir. He did as I commanded though he might have asked, who I was to give him orders.

The Captain rushed up on deck immediately when he heard my order given to hard up the wheel. By that time the ship had swung round. Lookin' over the stern, he could see that field of ice close by and knew that we would have run right into it if it hadn't been for me.

The first mate came up and joined him. Both stood and said nothin'. Nor was the matter ever mentioned to me in any way by either officer. It was just one of ^{those} incidents that never get in log books but it gave us all a mighty uncomfortable feelin' for a few minutes.

It shows that at times one has got to use his judgment, act quick and not wait for someone higher up to tell him what to do. He may not be praised for it but he can hardly be blamed, either.

You see, we don't know how much our chronometer is off when we approach land after we have been out to sea for some time. So when it comes dark we head off shore for half the night, and then we go about and head in shore again. That fetches us where we are safe. It is good seamanship to manage the ship in this way.

We never knew how far the ice was from us either. So we round up 'bout the same point. It would be a bad idea to head toward the ice all night, as our calculations might be wrong.

In all, we were in the Arctic region three seasons, the last in 1867.

Whalers seldom wintered up North. So we went down as usual to the Sandwich Islands - Hawaiian, you know - for the cold months. There we got a supply of potatoes, which were raised on the side of a high mountain, and all kinds of fruit. Recruits were found, also, to fill any vacancies in the crew, and oil and bone shipped back to New Bedford in large vessels the owners sent out, with supplies to the Islands.

After this brief spell at the Islands we spent the rest of the intermediate season cruisin' off the coast of California.

One day, when the ship was anchored off the coast, say 8 or 10 miles or so, we went along the shore in whale boats.

There we found a California grey whale and her calf close in to the breakers. These critters are also called "Devil fish", because of stories told of

how they chased whalers up creeks
and into trees, and chewed up their
whale boats.

I got an iron into the calf but
not to kill her. For to kill the calf would
have been dangerous as a furious
mother would likely have knocked to
pieces everything in sight.

So I cut the line to the calf and
fastened to the cow. The first and second
mates were there with us but they
foiled 'round with that whale without
killin' her.

Finally she took a notion to leave
those parts and made for seaward.
We could not get near enough to her
to lance her; she was goin' so fast and
was so cunning that she would not let
the boat approach close to her.

So the third mate had to cut the
line, and she may be goin' now for all

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I know. And the calf went right along with her. I was young and only a boat steerer but I realized that they should have killed that critter twice over while she lay there. She wouldn't do a thing because she was afraid of harming her calf. That, I call a miserable piece of whaling business.

On the way back to the Arctic in April, that last season, we caught one large whale. Heavy gales blew up so we just stripped the blubber off and chucked it into the blubber room and tried it out later.

Early in May, we were just outside the Straits. Here was a great body of ice blockin' our way. Ice as far as we could see except for one large opening. Into this we sailed and found there seven other ships tryin' to make their way through the rift.

Gales were blowin' hard from the East'ard. All we could do was to tack and tack back and forth across that big open space in the otherwise ice-bound area. Naturally, we kept a smart lookout for any stray ice cakes floatin' round.

The day after these gales died out I was down in my bunk in the stowage when I felt a hard, sudden shock.

I rushed up on deck and there the Captain and the second mate were, lookin' over the ship's stern.

It was the second mate's watch, but between that officer and the Captain they had made the mistake of running into a cake of ice floatin' in this openin'. Whether they saw the ice and thought it of no account, or whether each thought the other was lookin' out for the safety of the ship at the

time and directin' the man⁽⁸²⁾ at the wheel I do not know.

Anyway, we didn't take much notice of the incident as the ice cake didn't seem to be of any size.

Late that afternoon, however, the cook undertook to go down in the lower hold for wood and found the ship's bottom half full of water.

That ice cake was deeper than estimated. You see, ice is seven-eighths submerged and this piece must have stuck down in the water some distance. The impact probably had split the stern or loosened the plankin from the stern post causin' a bad leak.

Here was a bad predicament and something had to be done quickly. The Captain called all hands to man the pumps and bale with buckets from all three hatches.

We could keep that water just

- so it wouldn't gain on us. Even
- workin' in shifts we couldn't keep
- that up indefinitely. There we were
- in a leaky ship nearly 1000 miles
- from any port - that was two years
- before a railroad was run across
- Alaska and Nome was only a
- settlement.

- So there was nothin' to do but
- hoist the flag at half-mast - a distress
- signal.

- The other seven ships came right
- round us and held a consultation.
- The Captain decided the best thing
- to do was to abandon the ship.
- To get down to the islands, where repairs
- could be made would have required
- additional men relievin' each other
- in shifts to keep her afloat. That was
- out of the question. Nobody could
- spare the men. And besides it was
- dangerous goin'. We would have to

head hundreds of miles across the storm belt of the North Pacific. Most likely we'd encounter great gales. With a leaky ship that would be takin' big chances.

So the Congress was given up. Of course, when the Captain concluded to abandon the ship an auction was held to sell off her cargo, supplies, and equipment. There were 900 odd barrels of sperm oil in the hold, blubber from a bow-head-enough to make 100 barrels - riggin', sails, lines, provisions, in fact, everything a ship needed to carry on the business. All such things were sold at any old prices the Captains had a mind to offer.

It didn't take long to strip her when the order was given. The bark, President was filled up and goin' down early so the sails, riggin' and oil were taken aboard her.

in some of the houses in San Francisco.

The third mate and myself went on the Nautilus. The rest of the crew split up among the different vessels whereon they could be used.

The Congress looked the part of a ghost when we left her. Never even cut away her masts. She couldn't sink - didn't have ballast. She floated in great buoyancy - stripped of everything useful. That was the end of a good old craft - a grave yard in the Arctic ice - another victim of bad judgment, not bad luck.

I had everything that belonged to me, chest and so forth, aboard the Nautilus, and so made myself quite at home. As the ship's hold wasn't half full of oil we went through Bering Straits into the Arctic to complete the season. That proved short, however, and we were soon at Honolulu.

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There I was paid off \$180.00 in gold for my work. A tidy sum for gold was worth something then. Besides, I sold my clothes and my chest for whatever I could get but using Yankee bargaining. The place was full of sailors and beach combers, roustabouts, men who go in one ship and then lay off and wait 'til another comes 'round. They had to have clothin', so whalers found ready market for cast-offs and things they did not need.

All I had left was one of those carpetbags. Only it wasn't a real carpet-bag for it was made of smooth oilcloth with light colored lining in it. It was a cheap little thing but it held what few clothes I needed for my passage home, and a trinket or two I was

carryin' back.

(86)

Also, strange to say, I put the Bible - one of those given by the Port Society to crews of out goin' vessels - into that small bag. I hadn't once thought of the book before, packed away in my chest, but some impulse told me to take it with me, so I did.

It didn't come favorable to me to round the Horn as an officer on another ship goin' home ward, as my cousin did. Instead, I concluded I'd take passage from Honolulu to San Francisco and go home that way.

So I boarded a ship sailin' under Capt. Knapp. With me was Mr. Jenny, the third mate, and we kept cronies. He was also young and a likeable chap so we were company for each other.

That was the first time I knew I liked bananas. Capt. Knapp was carryin' a load to his friends in San Francisco.

That is, such a load as he could squeeze in with such freight and the few passengers as he carried. The berths were filled, so was the cabin. Mr. Jenny and I bunked in the sail pen - that is in after the cabin where spare sails are stored, you know. Only two bull's eyes in the stern give us light and air.

It was an extra long passage slowed down by head winds, and those bananas got ripe on the way. So Capt. Knapp passed them round to passengers and crew. For days we ate bananas, slept with bananas, and smelled bananas. And for once we had bananas enough.

We arrived in San Francisco the last of November, 1867 and found this situation. The American Steamship Company and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company were running in keen competition to see which would carry the mails.

passing home, and a runner or two...

11000
11000

That was two years before the railroad⁽⁸⁸⁾ was built across the continent. So rates were cheap with the American Company offering to carry passengers down coast and across the Isthmus and to New York for \$25.00 each.

Mr. Jenny and myself booked passage on the steamship Sacramento to Panama. There was a crowd aboard that steamer, passengers of all sorts and characters. Don't think I ever saw more toughs and cut-throats together before - or since for that matter. We didn't sleep much, I'm tellin' you.

Those canvass cots were in twos and threes, one above the other. Jenny and I took turns in snatchin' sleep! If we both dozed off together, we mightn't have any thing left. The last two nights out, we both kept awake so afraid were we that that

gang would steal our money and belongings.

The crossin' of the Isthmus was made by a small railroad from one side to the other. This railroad was independent of the Steamship Company, so they charged \$25.00 to carry every passenger overland that short space. That was the steamship fare from San Francisco to New York. So you see, the company didn't make much for carryin' us for we had plenty to eat and fared well in every way.

It was in crossin' the Isthmus that the chief mate of the Congress - Mr. Field - got himself in some fix. He was a second cabin passenger, travellin' light and carryin' his drafts, tickets, and money in a handbag. Probably forgettin' he wasn't on a whaler, where a man's things can be kept safely locked up, he got off at a way station and left

passing home, and a number of men...

(92)
(90)

his bag on the car seat.

He was gone only a minute but when he returned the bag and contents were gone.

When we got into Aspinwall at night he came to me and told me the fix he was in. He had nothin' whatever and wanted I should let him have some money. Of course, he could have applied to the American Consul but the boat was due off at midnight.

I kind of had to help the man out. My money was in twenty dollar gold pieces sewed into a canvass belt and carried around my waist next to my skin. How was I to get it out? Couldn't see anything else to do but to strip, and that wasn't a pleasant contemplation.

But I got alongside a dark building, in a sort of alley, and pulled off my clothes.

9am 2 0 1 0
With a big pocket knife I always carried, I cut the stitches in the belt. Did that myself too, for I wasn't goin' to trust any one else to do it. Got at the money easily enough when I once reached my belt.

That was some predicament to be in - a strange town, a dark alley and strippin' to the skin to get that gold piece for a man who might never pay it back again.

To make the situation more disagreeable it was almost sailin' time, and when I was gettin' into my clothes again the 17-pound signal given was fired right over our head. That was a warnin' and meant every body should go aboard.

The steamship Henry Channing was tied up to a nearby dock, so Mr. Jenny and I hurried aboard her. We were mighty sleepy, for we had to keep both eyes open lookin' out for our things those last few days. So when that big gun went off for the last signal to get aboard we didn't hear a sound of it. In fact, we didn't hear anything until well into the next day.

passing home, and a runner or messenger...

(92)

Back in that time, those big cannons were placed aboard the passenger steamers so if anything came along and the passengers run to one side of the ship, the sailors pushed the guns across to the other side to equalize the weight and keep an even keel. It wouldn't do to tell the passengers to go from side to side, they might get panicky. So the guns were used instead.

Up off Cape Hatteras, we passed through a severe snow storm and two days later reached New York City. It was here I bought my first dress-up suit and overcoat - the first I ever owned. Mr. Jenny and I were pretty shabby looking. My boots were split out and from one my stockin' protruded. The clothin' merchants, who stood out in front of their stores, noticed us as we passed along the street and we had many urgent

invitations to go into their shops. We both had money so we finally yielded and went in and purchased the clothes we needed.

I immediately took passage for New Bedford on a Fall River line steamer leavin' that evenin'. Supper I had aboard amounted to one dollar, and when I handed the steward a silver dollar in payment he exclaimed, "That's a sight for sore eyes," and returned me a fifty cent piece.

Third Voyage - Governor Troupe.

Back home again just 33 days before my 24th birthday. And in my first dress-up suit. I was mighty proud. That's a small thing now-a-days - but I had worked hard and did my best and - well - that suit seemed a bit of a reward.

If only young men and women would start out in life to fill their places, whatever their places were - then take the next step up, so on and on! The boy who goes into a great mercantile establishment if only to pick

up papers, if he is faithful and trustworthy⁽⁹⁴⁾
goes up step by step. And who knows
but what some day he might marry
the proprietor's daughter and become
head of the firm.

I had nobody to back me at all. I
just filled the place I was in the best I could.
If I had the mast I worked faithfully, and
so on into the next ship and the next
voyage. You can bet that fellows like me
start out to get some where. Neither my
brother or I knew how to read properly til
we were married - as opportunities for
schoolin' were limited - yet we both
became masters of vessels.

I tried to take advantage of every
experience. One day, soon after I came off
that voyage, my father told me to go
with another man, with whom he
owned a woodlot, for the purpose of
cuttin' wood.

There was a dance that night
and I went to it. The next day when
we came to go into the woods, I found
I couldn't do half my usual work. I said
to myself, "No more of that."

I hired out to a man for all that
was in me and he expects somethin' of me -

a fellow 24 years old. So that was the end of the dance business. I wouldn't do anything to disqualify myself for the best that was in me. So I never went to a dance after that.

It involved a principle - not to do anything detrimental to the interests of my employer. And I stuck to that principle you can bet.

When the Congress struck ice up in the Arctic and was abandoned, Capt. Castino went aboard another vessel and came down early. So he was engaged by the time I got home. He was to take command of the Governor Troupe, then bein' outfitted. When he heard I was back, he sent for me and I signed to go as third mate, with my cousin goin' as second. An experienced man in the same employ - they called him a crack whaler man - was picked out for chief mate.

I signed up to get a lay of one out of fifty with a \$100.00 bonus. A lay was the same as a share in the

business. We were not paid by the week, month, or year. We went on shares, and if we didn't get any oil we didn't get any money.

You know, it wouldn't do to hire men from the master down to the cabin-boy and pay them wages. They weren't goin' to bother to get themselves greasy, or run the chance of goin' off in a boat and not comin' back, just for wages.

It was all chance. If the voyage was successful, every man got his lay, or share, in proportion to his place in the crew. That looked like a more attractive thing to men signin' up for an unknown adventure. They might make a good deal of money or again they might not come back.

A bonus was an added inducement if the owners wanted a man badly.

As I stated I was promised \$100.00 at the end of the voyage. But I told Mr. Jones, the agent, to never mind the hundred but give me fifty at once. That he did. Takes quite a lot of money to get everything you want for a long voyage, and I wanted some thing to spend before I sailed.

While waitin' to set sail on the Governor Troupe I stayed on my father's farm in Dartmouth - out about seven miles. Worked there for bed and board. That is, I worked as much as what my board would come to.

One mornin', I was goin' over to the city alone on foot - just as the paddy gyal went to market. My father kept oxen but I preferred to walk rather than drive those slow pokes and wear my voice out hollerin' at 'em.

(109)
(100)
(98)

Some where along the route a voice -
said, to me, "You ought to have a
better Bible."

That was a strange thing, sir,
a really remarkable thing. It was
in the spring of the year, in April,
and I was 25 years old. Never had been
much for goin' to church, nor had
I ever looked inside of a Bible that
I remembered.

I always believed that God was
the creator; Jesus, our Lord, was the
Son of God, and that the Bible was the
word of God. But further than that
I thought no more of bein' a Christ-
ian than Jonah did of bein' swallowed
by a whale.

Back in the whalin' days the
Port Society used to be very active. All
ships sailin' away on foreign voyages
and I've seen as many as 150 vessels be-
tween New Bedford and Cuttyhunk - were

provided with Bibles and Testaments by this organization. They were put aboard the ships for the Captain to give out ^{to} the crews.

I had one of those that had been given to me from the American Bible Society. Just a cheap book with no references or anything.

When I sold my old chest and clothin' in Honolulu, strange to say I didn't dispose of it. Why I didn't leave it in the chest I don't know. But I put it in that old carpet-bag, or oilcloth bag, if you please, sir, and brought it back with me. Don't remember ever lookin' into it.

Well, when I got into town that day I went straight to the Bible Society. I was foxy. I went there only because I heard that they gave away Bibles. It seemed a strange thing for me to be doin'.

- I, a young fellow lookin' forward to
- goin' master of a ship someday.

- I went in and said to the man
in charge, "Do you have Bibles to give
away?"

- "Yes, he replied, "to them that aren't
able to buy."

- Now, I was able to buy a Bible, for
I had \$140.00 from my last voyage - rather
I had it invested in a wood lot.

- You see, my father thought I
- would do like so many young fellows
of those times. They aimed at goin'
from boatsteerer right up to captain
of a ship. So they spent their money
havin' a high old time goin' to circuses,
shows, and such things. Or hirin'
buggies to take their girls out ridin',
- and in all probability spendin' all
- they had made.

- That's what my father thought

I would do. So he got me to buy a wood lot and some marshland.

He did the tradin' and the bargain called for \$140.00, just the amount I had.

The deal proved to be a very unfortunate thing. The wood was mostly cut off of it. Then later a fire destroyed much of the young wood that was growin'. Never got to be worth a cent to me.

Of course, I had a wood lot back of me. But if I had put the money in the bank - well, that's nothin' to think about now. Meditati'n on hindsight gives one a headache.

To get back to the man with the Bibles. I had just hired \$25.00 from my cousin to get my outfit for the next voyage and hadn't any idea of spongin' a Bible from anyone.

~~I was to be down.~~

Anyway, the man took a Bible from ⁽⁴⁰²⁾ the shelf and said it was a reference Bible as he handed it to me. I didn't know any more what he meant by a reference Bible than a new-born babe. But I took the money out of my pocket and paid him. When my mother made my outfit for that Governor Troupe voyage, that book was put into the new chest to go with me.

We sailed on the Governor Troupe June 16th 1868, intendin' to go down round Cape Good Hope, across the Indian Ocean and down off what we called in whalin' days, New Holland - now Australia.

Now and then, we pulled into port to get supplies of fresh water and give the crew shore leave. You can't live on the ocean continuously - not then anyway. Apt to get scurvy.

41 + 100 151
good whalin' grounds, both Right¹⁰⁴
and Sperm whales bein' found there.
So we beat about those grounds a
month or so and were quite successful.

One day we called at the east end
of the island to add to our water
supply. I was sent ashore in the third
mate's boat with a raft of empty
water casks connected together by
a rope. Also had another boat with
me, commanded by the fourth mate,
to help me handle the raft.

Just ahead of us was the Belena,
a whalin' vessel from Sag Harbor,
Long Island, formerly a whalin' port
of some consequence.

She had located a head of us al-
right and was standin' by while two
of her boats took in water.

This is the way it was done.
Empty casks were hauled off with
a rope and raft outside the surf.

The surf runs three or four high
rollers and three or four low ones.

Boats and casks were landed during the low breakers and the casks when full were hauled out in the same way.

Now one of the Belena boats was anchored off shore to haul the full casks off to. She was supposed to be well outside the line of breakers.

But along came a monstrous roller and broke in the run of that boat where she was anchored. She had four men in her. When that roller tumbled, the boat was sent end on end and her crew spilled in every direction. The sea broke and caught her in the curve.

There were three boat's crews of us seeing that thing go on and couldn't lift a salty finger to help 'em. Three boats on shore and full crewed but we had to stand by and see the poor devils drown.

I remember one man put up his hand pleadingly. Another was

one to be down.

tumbled over and over in the surf and cast on shore-dead. The others were never seen.

You know its the breakin' wave that's dangerous. Others followed that first big roller. We couldn't do a thing. It meant death, you see, to venture into that mad sea.

We felt a bit sick at heart, sir. It's things like that make you realize the cruelty of the old sea at times. And it shows the utter helplessness of man sometimes, even though he is rightly prepared.

That one big roller broke outside of where, in the judgment of the officer in charge, it was safe to place the boat. Right after that the sea became calm again.

We got our casks filled afterwards and put them off. I was boss of the job and was careful not to have

That's the reason we could take on quite a supply at one time when we were not likely to see port again, perhaps in months.

Bound for Australia, we called at the island of St. Paul, in the Desolation group, to get a quantity of fish to salt down for a voyage. They were so plentiful that you could see them in the water. Never did know just what they were. They were shaped something like a cod but were yellowish like a salmon. And very fat, too - so fat that you didn't need grease to fry them in.

We put off three boats and had all we could carry in a short time. No sport in catching 'em. Just used lines dropped over the sides of our boats and pulled 'em up like so much dead wood. But we wanted food, not excitement.

Then we went onto Desolation

Islands proper. A desolate group they are, and a treacherous place, sir. Nothin' there but sea elephants fit to kill only for oil. And that's not too good.

In the vicinity of the Desolations we encountered violent changes of weather. First a gale of wind and that would be followed immediately by clear conditions for a short period. Then another gale with snow and rain that would go on quickly.

All of these changes came about sometimes in twenty-four hours. So those islands seemed to be rightly named.

It was a great whaling ground but the water was as tricky as the weather. Riding fair one minute and boiling in a gale the next made the business hazardous.

One time in goin' out, the boatsteerer called to me, "Shall we take a block and tackle with us as we might want to turn the boat right side up?"

18 - we to be down.

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That jokingly expresses the fickleness of the sea and weather there. We used tackles, you know, sir, to turn our boats on edge for safety. Then when the ship rolled in a heavy gale, the whale-boat went down edgewise and came up without any water in her.

We made Albany, a west Australian port, about six months out. There the first mate was discharged. He was the crack whaler the owners wanted so badly. But he was a high tempered fellow always gettin' into trouble, so the Captain wouldn't have him on the ship any longer.

One day he complained to the Captain about me but the Captain told him, "He's alright if you let him alone".

I had had a bad cold and was sick. Had to stay down below about a week. No notion to be longer about it than I was obliged to.

When I came up on deck, I hadn't gotten fairly over my illness.

There was a heavy blow on and we had to double reef the topsail. It was

some job to haul that sail out to the win'ward and hoist her.

The crew was havin' trouble and asked me if I could get that topsail up. I was up on that main yard in a minute and didn't those fellows light out.

The Captain was forward in the crow's nest watchin' me. I don't know what I was sayin' to those men on that yard but he yelled out he had a mind to throw his spy glass at me for the way I was talkin' to 'em.

I said, "Let 'er fly."

That was why he told the first mate I should be let alone.

Truth is, sir, I wasn't afraid of him throwin' a spy glass at me. It wasn't the first or last time I was told what might happen to me. But I couldn't be frightened.

The only time I ever had fear was before it came. I tell you you can't go as master of a ship and send off four boats with 24 men and not

40 + 100 151
112
and not knowin' if they are goin' to get back, and not have fear. But let me get where the danger was - let me get alongside of a whale and I wasn't afraid of any thing.

I've known men so frightened that they didn't have strength to put the iron into the whale. That was silly to me - silly because it was of no account to be afraid. I put my iron into many a whale. Messed 'em ^{up} good and plenty, and I never gave a thought to danger or fear when once upon it.

For the next twelve months, we were sperm whalin' off the coast of Australia, both south and west. Whales were found all up and down those waters in a sort of great circle.

As we cruised along, we'd stand off from the land at distance, then when outside we'd stand back in. That kept us in sight of land, some-

times far away and sometimes close in. The reason for that was the feed sought by whales varied in distance from the shore, sometimes bein' several hundred miles out.

We were workin' on the northwest coast, off Cape Leewin we sighted a large Sperm rather close in shore. There was very little wind and so we had to use our paddles to get alongside of him.

The boatsteerer fastened his harpoon to him good and solid. We backed away a few yards and the critter started rushin' round in a circle. Slowly we came up close to him again but before I could get the lance into him he settled down out of sight.

Nothin' to do then but to lay still and see where and when he would come up. But we didn't wait long for he came up across our bow and headed for our boat.

To get out of his way we paddled for'ard quickly. I was in the bow.

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As we passed abreast his great flukes, which were clear of the boat, he raised 'em like a flash and slapped down on the water. The splash came pourin' down upon my head and over the whole crew.

For a moment it looked as if we would be thrown into the water, but we cleared his flukes and pulled out of danger.

It was a great shower bath and a dangerous one. The tail of the whale is flat and sometimes measures fifteen feet ^{sometimes more} from corner to corner. Such a contraption as that can throw a heap of water upon one. We got the full force of it. And a few minutes later the whale got the full force of my iron, shafted hand tance!

That critter proved to be an old bull, slimy and wrinkled. He was so old that he must have gone back to days of the creation. No way of tellin' his age, but he was sure ancient.

It's a strange thing but no one has

ever seen a whale dead from natural causes. That's one of the mysteries of the sea. God only knows, I reckon.

Another strange thing about whales! While there are a number of groups of known characteristics they never cross. There are no halfbreeds and no two groups ever travel together although their paths in the ocean often cross.

Put that down as another mystery. We don't know much about the sea. It's full of life and just as full of riddles.

Late in the summer of 1869 we were up off the Northwest coast of Australia. We saw a school of Sperm and lowered three boats.

The first mate, always first away, got fast to a whale. I came up second boat, got our mast down and sail wound up. Struck our oars and got close to him also waiting a chance to get fast. Just then the critter sank down out of sight.

As usual, in such cases, we stood by to see where he would come up and what he would do.

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We did not wait long. The next thing I knew I could see that whale's junk on one side and his jaw on the other coming head on at us and nearby. Almost instantly I felt a tremendous shock. All was dark and I was deep under water. I looked up toward the light. There was the open maw of that great creature in shadow.

I instinctively I struggled upward. When I got to the top of the water my fingers were grasping a piece of gun's all my part of the boat from afterthwart aft was whole. The keel was splintered into a thousand pieces and the crew spilt into the water.

I clambered on top of that boat, such as was left, as fast as I could. Think of my amazement to find myself right along side of that critter in as fine a position to lance him as I could ever hope for!

That was a providential incident! That whale came to with such fury that he cut that boat in two and sent five men flyin' through the air.

It is almost unbelievable but I didn't see anything that happened - just that junk and jaw comin' at me.

The action of that creature's jaw was quick and powerful, so quick that I didn't see anything that happened although I was standin' in the stern.

That was a remarkable thing. All the men were knocked out but me.

Bein' in the stern end, I was rolled over and carried under so that when I looked up and saw daylight, that great jaw was right above me.

How I got hold of that boat piece I don't know. But when I came up I was straddlin' the keel. Instinct, it must have been.

It was some mess. And a bit funny, too! To see me on top of that upturned boat so close to that whale I could touch him.

And the other five men swimm'n' round to catch their bearings after bein' knocked out of the boat. No one seemed frightened but all were a bit dazed for the moment.

41 + 100 118 191
bein' in the water and not knowin'
what that whale would do next.

It is unbelievable but those men
were not hurt, except one who
had splinters in one hand. It must
have been some show, sir!

The first mate bein' fast to the crit-
ter, the second mate came alongside,
took us in and rowed us back to the
ship. Of course, we were wet but with-
out waitin' to change our clothes, we
lowered the starboard boat, all rigged
and waitin' for us.

When we returned to the spot where
our wrecked boat lay in splinters on the
water, the whale was gone. The iron wasn't
in good and had drawn out. The first
mate didn't get at the critter deep and
solid or he couldn't have gotten away.
He was a bad actor and with neither
second or third boats there to get fast also,
he just kicked up a fuss and departed.

So we had nothin' but a wrecked
boat for our trouble. Bomb-gun and
heavy equipment bein' stowed in the

shattered end, that also lost.

I hardly know how a whale that short distance could get up such headway. Whale boats are frail things but can stand considerable buffeting. Planked with one-half inch cedar, you know, to make 'em light as possible. That's on account of hoistin' and lowerin' from the ships at sea. With two men in the boat - one in each end to take care of the tackle, it was quite enough to haul up and down, especially when in a hurry.

A whale that could turn suddenly and show strength enough to smash such a craft had uncanny power. Many a ship, too, has been sunk by maddened critters turnin' upon their would-be captors.

The next whale we saw was a cow with calf off King George's Sound. We went after the cow, but just as we were drivin' the harpoon at her the calf bobbed up there just in time to take that iron. That was some surprise.

It appears, that the cow didn't ^{know} anything had happened. She had

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idled along but a few yards¹²⁰ when the third mate came up and fastened to her.

I got to her with a bomb-lance, which must have gone right to her vitals. She hardly moved a muscle. It killed her stone dead instantly. One of the quickest pieces of work I ever did.

The cow made about 50 barrels of oil and the calf about eight.

Sometime in September we were going to make the port of Albany, West Australia. That King George's Sound is quite a long indentation. At the entrance on the south side is Bald Island, and the entrance at the north is Bald Head. You have to beat in there with head winds quite a long way before you get to Prince's Harbor, one of the finest land locked bodies of water I've ever seen.

When we entered the Sound, we met a ship coming out - the Swallow, under Capt. Ryder.

We both stopped and Mr. Ryder came aboard our ship and told Capt. Castino

that he had been in with his second mate, who was sick, and that he had left him at Albany.

They made arrangements that if the man was well enough when we came out we would fetch him ^{that} with us. It was good whaling ground off ^{that} coast and as we cruised we would no doubt come together again so that the mate could return to his ship.

We were to be in there about four weeks. It takes about that time to get water, wood, give the men shore liberty, and paint ship.

The ship's company, you know, sir, is divided into starboard and larboard watch. One goes ashore at one time - the rest the other.

When it came my liberty, as second mate starboard, but of courtesy I went to visit that man. That was the way we always did. Each officer moved in his own circle. Men of the capacity, or rank, visited each other when in port or on ship's calls.

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When I called, the woman where the Swallow's second officer boarded said he was out but would soon return. Not long afterwards he came in.

I discovered at once that the man was a Christian. Very quick to see it. Something about his manners and his frankness stamped him as different.

A couple of weeks later we were ready to sail, he came on board to carry out the arrangements made between the Captains.

We had a strong head wind, so it was almost night when we got outside the headlands. It was my watch on deck after supper until 7 o'clock when the regular watch is set. From 4 to 7 o'clock was business, or what we called dog watch - washin' decks, cleanin' up and supper. Then the first watch is on deck from 7 to 11.

We all had supper together, Captain, officers, and the visitor who was taken aboard. After that, we were back on deck until that watch ended.

Then I went below to my stateroom just forward the captain's quarters, on the starboard side of the ship. I had the upper berth - with good bed-springs too - and the third mate the lower one under me.

It was my idea to let Mr. Mackie that's the visitor's name - have my berth and I would take the lower one. You see, when I was below, the third mate was on deck ~~so that~~ so that would work out alright.

Mr. Mackie sat down on one chest and I on the other. Chests were about the only furniture we had. Even that had to be lashed down so you'd know where it was and wouldn't be goin' round the room.

Well, he took a little Bible out of his pocket and began to read. Of course, he didn't know whether I cared anything about it at all - and he never asked me.

He read aloud an hour and a half

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in different parts of the Bible running
a line of thought that the earth
made new will be the home of the
saved, as Jesus says, "Blessed are the
meek for they shall inherit the earth".

Man's mortal being is subject to
death and if he dies he is subject to
resurrection and blessedness.

I never went to Sunday School
in my life so I didn't know much
about those things. Am thankful,
too, for that, because I didn't learn
false theology.

I was 26 years old then. I'd always
heard that you had an immortal
soul and spirit and if you were
wicked you went to hell, there to be
roasted and toasted, boiled, fried and
stewed forever.

Now, what's immortal can't be
destroyed. So if you were good you
went to Heaven.

But the way Mr. Mackie read,
a man was a mortal being sub-
ject to death. If he did die, he must

be resurrected to ever live again because the dead know not any thing. And as a matter of fact we don't know too much when we are livin'. We learn all the time - mostly by experience and hard knocks.

While Mr. Mackie was readin', I had a strange feelin' come over me. I couldn't understand it and I said to myself: "What's got into you any way?"

He read the 37th Psalm about havin' confidence in God. How the evil doers ~~do~~ lose out in the end and the righteous prosper. That was all new to me. I never heard any thing about such matters before.

That line of scripture showin' that the wicked will be burned root and branch, and thus destroyed completely, interested me greatly. He didn't know as I cared any thing about it. But I made up my mind to one thing then and there. I'd investigate and see if this was so.

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Now the next day, in the afternoon, we saw the Swallow and the two ships came together. Capt. Ryder lost no time comin' aboard to see if we had his second mate, which, of course, we did.

Mr. Mackie made ready to leave us. When he was goin' over the side of the Governor Troupe to get to his own ship I had another strange feelin'. I had a feelin' that I wanted to put my arms around that man. I'll never forget it. I afterwards found out that the fruit of the spirit is love. Something of a first blissin', I guess, but it was an experience that burned itself upon my mind.

After Mr. Mackie had gone I went down to my chest to look for that Bible I had gotten back in New Bedford. Hadn't seen it since Mother wrapped it up in my clothes. When I unwrapped it and opened it, the words of that man when he handed me the book back in the Port Society, came again to my mind. He had said, "This is a reference Bible."

When those words came back to me, I said to myself, "That's what I want."

I wanted to find out at once if the things Mr. Mackie said were true. I was of that case of mind - must know whether a thing was so. My father was the same way. Had no use for liars. While what Mr. Mackie read appealed to me I must confirm it myself.

I began immediately to read the Bible in my spare time. When I went below, I'd sleep for a few hours and then have the cabin boy call me. The remainder of my off-duty time I'd then spend in investigating what Mr. Mackie read to me, using the references to follow the subject matter.

Within a few days I read that Bible from cover to cover. A new experience came over me. I made up my mind to change my course of living and become a Christian. I accepted the belief that God was the creator; Jesus, the anointed one, the Son of God; and

the Bible the Word of God.

The two ships met again in three or four weeks. Capt. Ryder and officers from the Swallow came aboard for a game that's a visit. Among them was Mr. Mackie, the second mate.

The Captains went below, of course. As was the custom, the first mate of our ship went aboard the Swallow to visit the first mate there. Mr. Mackie and myself, bein' second mates, made us visitors together. So we sat down on the booby-hatch - that's the aft hatch you know - to talk things over. I told what I had found in the Bible and my changed feelings.

I asked him whose duty it was to baptise. He replied, "The Elders". By that he meant the ministers. But I said, "No, the disciples baptised," and knowin' that we would ^{be} in port together in March next year, I said to him, "Will you baptise me?" He replied that he would and so, then and there, we made plans for ^a baptismal service when we were got into Albany again.

It was a thrillin' experience for me, I'll tell you. My life was changed. Faith had taken place of doubt and skepticism. I had always used profanity but stopped that. And from then on even the men aboard did not use profanity in my presence. All of which shows the change in me was complete and very noticeable.

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We were cruisin' off the coast of Australia when we saw a school of whales. The Swallow, and the Mermoid also saw them and were nearby.

The prevailin' winds off the south coast of Australia are west'ard. Now, the wind had changed to east'ard and east winds blow up with a fury hot and fierce as old Satan's breath.

I don't know why Capt. Castino risked it to lower us down. The other ships had been into the school and we were to the leeward, before the critters.

They came along by us and we lowered three boats. The first mate led off by lowerin' first, followed by the second and third. I had had plenty of early experience in handlin' a boat and my crew was pretty well trained.

I got my mast up quickly and got my boat started away first. A moment later I looked round on the starboard quarter and there was the third mate's boat capsized. I turned my head round the other way and there was the first mate hauled ^{up} to help take care of the crew of the flounderin' boat.

My boat had gotten under way, so I kept right on goin' after those whales alone. The first mate took the capsized crew right aboard the ship. They had run a line from the upturned boat to the ship but it was blowin' hard and as the ship started to drift in the wind the line parted.

Capt. Castino was on deck tryin' to save the flounderin' boat from sinkin'. He asked the cooper - who was in the

masthead-where Mr. Sherman was.

The cooper replied that he had seen me take down my sail and presumed I was comin' back to the ship.

But I didn't go back to the ship. I was runnin' right before that furious wind. At times, I could scarcely see our ship, the seas were runnin' so high.

Still we were not very far away but bent on reachin' those whales. We were just ridin' out of a hollow when a great breaker rolled the whole length of our boat and filled her right full of water.

Now, sir, that was some predicament to be in. Twenty feet of mast and sail was up there-I hadn't taken it down as the cooper reported.

I sung out to the fellows tendin' them, "Cut the backstays and throw that mast overboard."

The backstay is a rope that goes down on each side of the mast to the gun'ale, or top rail of the boat.

They done that quick. There was a

providence in that act, I'm tellin' you. No boat has any resistance if she's full of water. She just rolls over if there is a mast up to make top heavy weight. With just the crew, we held that boat right side up until we hauled down the mast. Then we roped our oars across the boat to prevent it from rollin' over.

The gun'als were under water with just the ends of the craft showin'. All the crew were standin' in water up to their waists and breakers continued to pour over us.

In a few minutes, Capt. Castino inquired again of our whereabouts. Then he got concerned and went up to the masthead. Lookin' through his glasses all he could see was the head and shoulders of six men and no boat.

We were, in fact, waist deep in the seethin' brine. I looked into five faces that were all despair. It was most night, and what if that ship didn't discover our predicament and come down to us before it was dark? We

couldn't hope to keep in that boat with water breakin' over us like it did. It was near full as it was.

But I never for a moment felt hopeless.

Of course, when the first wave broke over us, we threw away everything in the boat. Lances, harpoons, double line - chucked 'em all overboard. All but the bomb-gun, and we never thought of that or it would have gone to the bottom of the ocean, also.

In that way we lightened the boat's load considerably. While we stood up to our waists in water, the boat was so fitted that it couldn't capsize. That is, with our oars and mast across her as we put 'em.

If that boat had turned over, we would all have been lost. No one ever would have known what became of us. We couldn't have stayed on the bottom of her one minute. Nothing to hang on to and the great force of the movin' sea would have swept us under.

My men shouted to the ship for help. But she was away to the windward, with a gale blowing, their voices couldn't be heard a hundred feet away.

Men on the ship didn't know of the danger we were in. Neither did we know of the struggle they were havin' tryin' to rescue the crew and carry a line to make fast to the upturned boat.

When Capt. Castine saw the predicament we were in, he left off tryin' to save the third mate's boat and run the ship right down close to us. A few minutes after he lowered a boat, we were safe again, though wet through from the breakers. Ran a line to my boat and saved her, ^{also}.

In the 34th Psalm it says, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them".

Just then, I didn't know what that incident meant to me. I believed if you give a promise, keep a promise. And I took it upon myself to give a promise that I would serve God throughout all the future days of my life.

Well, it just wasn't written down that I should go back to that ship. I went on alone.

If I agreed to go on a ship and strike whales, I'd put the irons into the critter if I knew he'd flatten me like a pancake the next minute.

I knew the danger of huntin' whales, the most powerful and largest creatures in the world, with flukes big enough to crash a boat. But I wasn't afraid.

Trouble was in this case, the Captain didn't set any flag. He should have set a blue flag at the mizzen peak. That means come aboard. You know, we had various signals indicatin' which way whales were and so forth. These were set on the masthead. Or signals might be given by arrangement of sails.

But a flag on the mizzen peak was a recall. It meant to come back immediately.

The danger of the situation could easily be understood. Chasin' a school of whales in a gale of wind and only one boat well, most any thing could happen.

I was young in those days and I calculated never to be a tag tale. You see when we started our boats we all hung our rudders. But my view of it was that a boat wouldn't sail quite so fast

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with a rudder stuck down in the water. So I used to pull the rudder and put in the steerin' oar. It was a 22 foot oar and required strength to manage it. A little Englishman held onto me so as I wouldn't fall overboard. But the boat did get away faster.

That's how I came to be ahead of the other boats. Bein' alone and goin' off, I had to be careful. So I slacked off the sheet and again hung the rudder before we got up close to that school. That lessened the danger in a heavy sea.

Then I called to the boatsteerer, "Pick out your whale. We can't go by one. Careful and sure".

You see, sir, in a school, if you pass one they all know it quick as scat. Then you're licked. You can't get near 'em at all.

Just then that big conber came along. No boat like ours could ride it well. This all happened just when we were close to the whales. The boatsteerer had sighted a big critter just ahead of us.

The next thing we all knew that the boat was filled with water. Wonder was that she didn't roll right over. But that was a mercy. It wasn't meant to be.

I was pleased that we saved the boat as well as ourselves. It was built especially for me. Up to then I had gotten 26 whales in her and never been stove.

I went as third mate on that voyage and it come so that I couldn't have her 30 feet, only 29 feet. So I arranged with the boat builder instead to dock her six inches on each end. Any man in good standin' could have a boat built just as he wanted if he had any ideas. The owners favored that.

Some of the officers would have been glad to see her career ended for I could always beat 'em. Bein' brought up on the islands, I had experience in boatin' before I went whalin'. That's why I had a boat built specially for me.

Well, the whales went on in that gale while we came back a wet and

sorry lot. But the Lord was with us in that dangerous predicament. I could see that. I didn't have the least idea that I shouldn't be chasin' those whales alone.

The angel of the Lord kept and delivered us.

Well, we lost that school entirely, and went on cruisin' off King George Sound, on and off the land.

It came in one of those sudden blows so common to that region. Wind was easterly. It was my watch on deck about the middle of the day. Most everyone was down below.

The galley cookhouse stood forward on the port side of the foremast lashed down. Two men were standing at the back end of it talkin'.

I saw a great comber bearin' down on us, and yelled to 'em.

But it was too late. That wall of water came breakin' over the ship's port bow. It struck with such force that it knocked that cook's galley crashin' into the

lee scuppers. The men for a moment disappeared in the wash of water. When we got to 'em, one was unconscious floating in the water and debris. We pulled him out of the water there and took him down into the cabin where he was revived.

The other man was hanging onto the deck pot. But the end of the galley had struck his head with such force that he was dazed. All he could say was, "Where am I, where am I." We had to work on him for some time and dry him off before his clear sense returned.

It's those sudden changes of wind that creates the sharpest seas. In a regular gale of wind there's a uniform sea. But those breaking combers. That's the danger.

A little skiff will ride over a wave as high as Mt. Vesuvius, if there's no break to it. Steam ships can hit a breaking wave and split it. In powerful gales, they have to slow up a bit or head into the sea.

The scientific estimation is that water with the same velocity as air is 666 times as powerful. Wood and iron together make a strong ship. But let her get fast to the bottom and the sea will

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smash her in no time. Combers foam and show great power. Reminds me of Robt. Ingersoll and Tom Payne "foamin' out their own shame".

Soon after this, we had a couple more bad accidents due to the treacherous and sudden blows that followed rapid changes of the wind.

Old Tom, a genial colored man, had been years and years aboard ship. But he got no further than macthand, as he had no natural qualifications of a sailor.

One day, he was washin' out a tub of clothes but left 'em on ~~on~~ deck when he was sent to the masthead. Soon after that, Capt. Castino gave the order to come down as one of sudden blows had breezed up and it was dangerous for men to be aloft.

When he was goin' over the fore top he lost his hold and fell to the deck below. One leg struck on that washtub he had left, and broke it. We took him down to cabin and worked to make them bones meet. But the ligaments drew up so, we couldn't do much.

I was pretty ~~sick down~~ sick down there. The Captain looked at my face and told me I had better go up and see what sheets the ship would bear.

We were right off King George's Sound so that afternoon we got old Tom ashore to a hospital in Albany. There he was looked after until we returned later for him.

The second incident occurred some time later but in the same vicinity. A sudden blow came on and a man fell from the maintop gallant yard. His feet slipped and he went into the sea as the ship took a roll until her scuppers dished salt water.

We all saw him and almost in a chorus cried, "Man overboard!"

We stopped the ship as quickly as possible and lowered a boat. He was floundering round in the water keepin' afloat until we could rescue him.

The wonder was he could keep from sinkin' as he was seriously injured from the fall. But you can't tell what strength a

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man will display when it is a matter¹⁴² of life or death.

Sea goin' people are a plucky lot and they need be! Any ship's log book can tell that. Most any critical situation might be met up with at any time. Whalin' was a dangerous business.

The last port we called at before reachin' home in June, 1872, was Cape of Good Hope So. Africa. This was the tip of the continent and ships had to put in there for potatoes and other supplies. Prices were high and quality none too good. But the port couldn't be passed up with that long Atlantic voyage ahead.

Well, I did pretty well for the voyage as a whole. As second mate my lay - or share - amounted to over \$2000.00. That was quite a figure in those days and I was considered to be a successful young man.

It was about this time that I first became interested in a girl - a relative of Capt. Castino. The courtship progressed quite rapidly and I asked her about gettin' yolked up for life. To this she

readily agreed, and I told her she'd better talk it over with her folks. But they thought I was givin' up the whalin' business so they did not approve of the marriage.

Had they known that on my next voyage I would be master of a ship, they would have decided differently.

Well, I didn't feel very badly about it thinkin' that perhaps it was not the best thing for me to marry just then and assume the responsibilities of gettin' a home together.

This was another remarkable incident wherein the great Providence watched over me. That fate arranged it so I would meet another girl - a very religious person, who later became my wife.

As usual, when I got off a voyage I went out and stayed with Father and Mother on the farm.

One Sunday mornin', I told my mother I wanted her to put me up some dinner. I was goin' over to church in the city.

It was a new experience for me to go to meetin'. But some urge told me to, that was the thing I should do, so when I got to town, I went to the Advent Church on Kempton Street.

The forenoon meetin' was for prayer and conference. I heard a man talk and I could see he was very well versed in the Bible. Way up in learnin', I should say.

After the meetin' was over, he invited an elderly man from over in Fairhaven to go home with him for dinner.

Well, I wanted to hear the talk so I thought it would be alright to go along. I didn't ask whether I could or not. So far as my dinner was concerned I had it with me so was independent. That seemed to me to be all that was necessary.

Usually I didn't go to any other house - invited - bein' so bashful. But in this case, I did an unusual thing and went along without an invitation. You see, I was so anxious

to hear more of what that man
had to say that I forgot all else.

When we got to the house of the
man I thought so learned, I found he
had a daughter about my age.

No one introduced us, the men bein'
more concerned about religious matters.
But I started right in talkin' to her just
the same.

It had been the usual thing for
her to go to meetin', but this Sunday
she stayed at home to get dinner.

As she had the meal ready, she
invited me to sit down to the table with
the rest. This I did, pleased to be near
the two men talkin' religion, as well
as to see more of the young lady of
the household.

So I learned more about the teachin's
of the Bible.

And that's how I met my future wife.

I told him I was - at 146.

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I used to think, back in my early years, that I didn't want to live alone. I was a big boy at twelve, mowin' with the rest of 'em in the fields and I had a distinct impression in those days that my mind was made up to some day having a home.

I didn't want to marry a handsome woman, for someone else might desire her and cause unhappiness.

Neither did I want a rich woman, ~~a rich woman~~ because she'd feel kind of independent. I wanted to do the providin'.

It amounted to this: I wanted some one congenial who knew more than I did and could help improve my mind. I wanted a companion, a good sort of woman and a good housekeeper.

Well, the girl I met that Sunday wasn't so bad lookin'. She was intelligent, and the only daughter. I could see that she was a good woman from her in religion. And bein' brought up in a religious family, she was very well versed in the Bible which gave me much

in common.

I was brought up in the kitchen and I wouldn't think of goin' anywhere and settin' down in the parlor. So when the young lady invited me to have dinner with them, I felt very much at home as the meal was served in the kitchen, as I had been used to. And besides, the man was dressed like some one in moderate circumstances, so I felt ease goin' there as I did.

Well, at that time I was a stranger to this family I afterwards married into. I told 'em they better look me up and see what sort of a fellow they had struck. I knew my standin' at the end of the Governor Troupe was pretty good and had nothin' to fear.

The girl's father laughed at my suggestion that he go down and inquire of the ship's owners as to what manner of man I was.

But his daughter was more curious and advised her father to seek information about me. So he hired a horse

I told him I was

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and shay and drove down to the dock
to make inquiries of Capt. Castino and
his wife.

I never heard anything about what
he found out there. But it couldn't
have been anything very bad for I
kept right on courtin' his daughter
and he seemed pleased with me.

Also, there was some talk about
Capt. Castino havin' the ship "Swallow",
providin' he could get me to go as first
mate. And if I didn't go, the owners
would not let him have the ship.

That was because of my standin' as
a capable whalesman, young as I was.

That was in September, and the first
day of January we were married. Pretty
short notice, yokin' up for life. But it
seemed it was meant to be that way.
Another act of Providence.

We didn't go any where on a honeymoon.
It was wintertime and pretty difficult
to get around. Any way, I guess there's no
place like the home fires when you get
down to the real comfort of it.
my father-in-law had about

\$60,000.00 worth in property - mostly
old tenements that needed improvement.
My wife was the only child so nat-
urally they wanted her to stay at home.

There was plenty for me to do in
the way of making improvements
and keeping the property in good
condition. Of course, it was new
business for me, brought up on a
farm and a man of three voyages.

But this mother-in-law business
didn't work out very well. She wanted
me to be doing something all the time.
That was alright, but she wanted to
tell me just what to do. That was
all wrong. I was as independent as
a hog on ice. I couldn't be bossed round.

Well, after a few months of this,
Capt. William C. Fuller of Nantucket
came to see me about goin' with him
on the ship, "Milton". I did not know
who he was at all but I had been
well recommended to him. He said
he set a high value on a man of
judgment.

some time before

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I told him I was a Christian and if I went with him, we wouldn't set down to the table like so many cattle but wait 'til I had given thanks.

This amused him very much and he said it would be alright but thought the idea would soon wear off.

But I told him I would rather go through the mincer machine - that's the machine that cuts the blubber so as it can be tried out - I'd rather do that, than go back on my Christian experience.

Capt. Fuller's wife was a Baptist and belonged to a Baptist Church. But he didn't take any stock in religion and didn't see any use in it at all.

We got ready to sail in October, 1873. The day we were goin' to shove off, walkin' down on the wharf, the managing agent was there. He said to me for a stimulus that I'd have to be pretty much alive to keep up my end of the yoke. Even the fourth mate was an older

man than I, and more experienced. The agent thought he had three pretty smart officers, alright.

With full sheets, we headed East by South down across the Atlantic. We went East instead of West because the winds were more favorable. Most Captains goin' to New Zealand grounds went that way, and the ship could make her way nicely across the Indian Ocean with the chances favorin' pickin' up a whale here and there.

In fact, we had just passed round stormy Cape Good Hope and were a little nor' east when we saw two Right whales. We lowered down two boats and set out for 'em. I got fast to one and the third mate comin' up got his irons into the ^{other}

They didn't separate as you would expect. Both were females. Evidently mother and daughter, perhaps a thousand or so years old. They didn't make a fuss as one probably didn't want to leave the other.

Weather was good, and we had no trouble killin' these creatures and

some time before.

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gettin' 'em cut up.

That was a good start for a voyage² but a few weeks out. The two made a hundred barrels of oil apiece.

From then on, crossin' the Indian Ocean was a pretty tame affair. The Milton made her way at about five knots.

It was routine, day after day - one watch spellin' the other, and the outlook on a flat, unruffled sea.

But the world is flat any way. We can go for thousands of miles on flat grounds and flat water. We can see the North Star for periods and then for a whole season we can't see it. A round world is just another of those teachings you can't believe in. Your sight proves it - so does the Bible.

But to get back to the story. We sailed round Tasmania in a storm, the only effect of which was to send the Milton ahead faster on more wind.

Then into the New Zealand grounds, in the vicinity of French Rock where the real business of whalin' begun.

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This course took ^{us} across and upward to the Kanaka Islands. The inhabitants of many islands in the South Pacific are the descendents of Abraham and Keturah after Sarah's death. Keturah was the ~~second~~ second wife of Abraham and she bore him seven sons. We find them way back in early history.

Kanakas are the best class of sailors one can find. They are most hospitable and a fine class of natives.

They know the water like fish, too. Even little children of these islands go into the water early and have no fear of it. They are as much at home swimmin' as walkin'.

One day, a Kanaka from one of these islands, who had been taken on as part of our crew, was on the house helpin' rip an old sail. The wind was blowin' hard. In an unguarded moment, a particularly heavy lurch of the ship sent him flyin' overboard knife and a piece of sail in hand.

Of course, the ship was rollin' along under full sail and it was quite

41 + 100 154.
some time before we could get her stopped.

When we were able to lower down a boat and reach him, there he was swimming towards the ship, his sheath knife held crosswise in his mouth by the blade. He wasn't even concerned enough to have dropped that knife, as anyone else would have done.

Of course, we instructed every sailor, if he fell overboard, not to stick his hands up in the air, but keep everything under water. By treadin' water and usin' your hands like a dog does his paws, one can't sink.

It's a great thing for an officer, the number of whales he gets. I learned to do things and do 'em quick. Never lost any time gettin' away when the call was given.

More than once, I got off and killed my whale dead before Capt. Fuller found ^{out} what was goin' on. He was an old man who thought he knew it all, but nice enough to get along with otherwise. The reason

he found it difficult to follow what was goin' on. Was that he practiced usin' his long spy glass from mast-head. Not so many men could use 'em but Capt. Fuller persisted and it worked out that he had difficulty findin' ~~and~~ and followin' us.

Down off the New Zealand coast, one day, I went along side a big bull sperm whale. He looked as old as creation to me - crusty and covered with barnacles like the sides of the ship never hauled to for cleanin'.

The boatsteerer got fast to him alright and cleared away without any harm threatenin' us.

The second mate came along with sail out with the intention of also strikin' the critter. But the whale must have seen him comin' for he slewed quickly and turned over but the same time closin' his great jaws with a loud clap, but just clear of the boat.

He hadn't calculated just right, and it's lucky for the second mate and his crew

that he didn't.

I could see that we had an ugly critter to deal with, so I got to him just as quick as I could and sent a bomb-lance into him.

Then we pulled away safe, loaded a second time and put another one into him. Each time I lanced him he grew madder, thrashing about and using his massive flukes to pound the water. It looked like a bad situation for a few minutes, he was so galled.

I loaded the bomb-gun a third time, went up close to him and fired again. He quivered from end to end, gave a half roll and died under water. So quick did it all happen that it was all over before any other boat got fast to him.

You see, when the boatsteerer first put the irons into the critter, he didn't gather his senses. He wasn't so much stunned and hurt as he was perplexed. He only saw a boat coming and wanted to fight. And fight he did when he took it into his head that we were enemies.

When I got into his vitals, the

fight was all taken out of him. Anything in the creature's entrails is fatal. This incident shows the importance of acting quickly. I got right to him. Didn't stand off because he had shown fight. No, sir!

If I wasn't smart enough to kill that whale and do it quick, I wasn't up to what I ought to be. But I went right to work on him. As fast as I could load, I went right in and fired. Water was smooth and we could act quick with the boat and get away quick out of reach.

It was a very dangerous situation - a fightin' whale insane with rage slavin' about and slappin' his powerful flukes, tryin' to protect himself.

Neither the second or third mates got fast to that critter alive. I had him dead before they could take their sails in.

The third bomb punctured his lungs and heart. Blood poured out of his breathin' tube. That's how we can tell - if the blood is thick and clotted, it's sure death.

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That fellow went down and died under water. As he was sinking we had to go about carefully not to lose him. Slack the line a bit when a roller came along and then hauled in a bit. In that way, the carcass was worked to the surface to await the ship which always stands in under short sail while whalin' boats are out.

If possible, in killin' a big whale, we fastened two and sometimes three boats to him. That was in case of losin' an iron or the partin' of a line, there would be danger of his gettin' away from us by sinkin' beneath the surface.

Capt. Fuller wasn't any too much in favor of my bein' a religious man but he did as he agreed to. We never went to eatin' until I had given thanks. Kind of galled him, I guess. No man had ever done that before on any voyage.

I had always been in the habit of usin' profane language up 'til I was converted. The effect upon the crew of the Milton was such that I

was such that I never heard Captain
mate, or any man aboard that ship
use an oath. No doubt they did but
not in my presence.

My conversion was no sham
affair, and my religious attitude effected
a real change of conduct upon others.
They respected me to a marked degree.

Of course, whafin' was my chosen
occupation. I aimed to go to the head
of it, and I filled every place, no matter
where it was, the best I could. Guess
that had considerable weight with
others, also.

What I tell young fellows is, never
mind the pay, but make your place so
chock full of usefulness that your
employer won't be able to get along
without you. You will avoid a great
deal of trouble and get along much
better in what you undertake to do.

If I agreed to do a thing, then I
felt obliged to live up to my end of
it. If I agreed to give a man my service
then I must give him all he expects.
He knows my ability, and I mustn't
impair, but improve my ability.

As a young fellow aboard a ship,

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I never fell down on the job. If anyone got ahead of me, he had to move his feet. Had some smart men "round me too."

More than once, a Captain has said to me, "Let's see what Mr. Sherman can do about it."

learn I set right out from the start to know everything there was to know about a ship. No one had to show me how to steer. I knew the principle of operating the wheel to move the tiller almost from the beginning.

But when it came to learnin' every rope, so that I could put my hand on it in the dark, well, that took some time. Square and bowling were easy. I tied 'em as a boy. Father taught me. But there was a thousand and one tricks and details to work out and learn. These had to be known so well that they could be handled in the dead of night.

Well, we spent a season on the New Zealand grounds and got quite bit of oil. In what we call the in-between seasons, we moved up near the Equator. That kept us out of the rough weather. You know, the seasons in the South are just the opposite

of up here. So things changed 'round a bit for us as long as we stayed in Southern water.

After callin' at Pitcairn Island, we went over to what is known as the off shore grounds. It's about four degrees south of the west coast of South America. That's an old and favored whalin' ground.

One day, we'd been overhaulin' the ship's head gear. So we weren't in good shape for action should any come along.

Well, there did! A call came down from the masthead, "She blo-o-o-ows!"

On our weather bow, the lookout had sighted a school of whales.

We got our ship in shape as fast as possible and lowered three boats.

Of course, one couldn't see the whales when we started out, but we pulled hard up about a mile and a half toward the school. Everybody pulled hard, racin' along toward the spot to our windward as indicated by the lookout.

When we got to where we thought the critters would be, there wasn't one in sight.

Fact was they were all under water at that moment. The first I saw

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of our prey, was a black hulk slowly rising above the surface to our leeward. We had passed over him as we pulled hard up.

That was quite a surprise, but we shipped our oars and set the sail as quickly as possible. Then we went down alongside that critter and the boat-steerer put his irons into him good and deep.

Immediately, when we struck him, he started to run. But he hadn't gone far when he began sinkin', goin' down quite deep and takin' a lot of line with him.

It was gettin' along towards night and I was anxious to make quick work of the killin' business. The men in the boat knew that I had never been fast to a whale but what I finished him. So they expected prompt action in this case.

When he came up, we got that line in for quite a measure. Everything was set for my bomb-gun ready to give him the lance, when we should get fairly close to him.

But he was one of those nimble fellows that we run across now and

at last. He then charged round a bit then. About a fifty-barrel creature and a lively one that fools you when you think the end is near.

Well, he got out of the way before I had a chance to use my bomb-gun on him.

You know we carry the bomb-gun in a painted canvass bag under the bow of the boat. Some had a box with a cover to it to keep the gun dry. Anyways it had to be handy so as to be quick ready for use.

As I was sayin', sir, that whale was a nimble creature and I didn't have a chance to use the gun on him. As I was forcin' it back into the canvass bag, a voice said to me, "Half cock the gun." But it was too late. The next thing I knew, the gun had fired and the bomb lance went off the starboard side of the stem post and knocked off two planks of the boat with it!

Water rushed in through the hole and the only thing we could ^{do} was to stuff in the jib sail to keep it out. Of course, we were in no danger of sinkin', as the damaged part was not under water.

Just the same, it was a perilous predicament to be in.

It was fast gettin' dark and our whale was fast carryin' us away from the other boats and the ship. He provin' a cantankerous critter runnin' hard to the win'ward.

And to add to our trouble, the bomb-gun was rendered useless. It looked like bad business for the time bein'.

I fully understood the danger we were in. Five men in my care - a leaky boat and a whale runnin' away.

If I'd seen the crew was the least bit frightened, I'd have cut the line. But I didn't feel the least bit of inclination to do that. Moreover, the men were not at all concerned. They knew that I had never been fast to a whale but what I had killed him, so they calculated the best thing to do was to hold on to him.

They all knew, too, that no boat could get to us at that time. It was so dark the ship couldn't see us. But they didn't think a thing about the dangers of the situation, bein' all alone, right comin' and and in tow of an angry whale.

They were thrilled with enthusiasm.

and often sang out boisterously, "Oh, we'll get 'im, fightin' mad though he be."

They knew if I ever got our boat where I could reach that critter's vitals it would soon be over. That was the confidence they had in me and the danger was nothin' to em.

Well, sir, that whale dragged us round far into the night. We could never get quite near enough to him. But we could see that he was slackenin' down and gradually weakenin'.

Then suddenly he stopped and when we got up to him, easing up cautiously as he might be foolin' us, we found him dead, plumb dead. He just run himself to death.

Fortunately, the ocean was comparatively quiet. There was nothin' to do but to lay by 'til daybreak, with that great black hulk for company on a black night and our frail boat bobbini' up and down every roller and our jib sail stuffed in a bad hole to keep the water out.

One might think it was a pretty grim situation but for the cheerfulness of the crew. They chattered away with each

They chattered away with each other and ate hard tack. It was altogether a jovial experience for 'em.

The last of the three boats knew about us. Didn't know where to look for us, but they knew the whale was takin' us away to the win'ward, right from the ship's position.

Our boat, as all whale boats, was provided with a lantern keg kept in the stern of the boat. This contained night lanterns, candles, matches, tinder and some hard bread or hard tack. These were for just such emergency use.

So needing these supplies, we knocked the hoops off the keg, broke in the head and got out our lantern and other things.

The lantern we lit and hung up on the mast for a signal, but that didn't do any good for we were too far away for the ship to see us. So far, in fact, it took her all night and the next forenoon to beat up against the wind and find us.

Well, there we were keepin' vigil over a dead whale. We were mighty happy when the Milton hove in sight

and that carcass safely lashed along side the ship. Capt. Fuller was happy also, for it wasn't the easiest thing to find a thirty-foot boat out in the middle of the ocean, and he felt responsible for our safety.

After this season was over, we started back for the New Zealand ground. On the way, we called at an island known as Whitytuck, about a hundred miles northeast from Raotonga, a noted missionary station in early history.

Capt. Fuller had been to that island before and knew the resident missionary.

When it came to Sunday, there was no trading - that was all cut off.

Well, now, the starboard watch - that's the Captain and second mate's watch - went ashore in the forenoon. Myself and the third mate were to go in the afternoon.

You see, those islands are all surrounded by a coral reef. But so far as my experience went, I know all of these reefs have a deep passageway. Way back in former times, ships had to be warped in by the natives of a reef.

That is, strong ropes run from ship to shore and whole lines of natives pulled the vessel in.

"They that go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters see the wonderful works of Jehovah."

Those coral builders built away through all the ages of the past and finally reached the surface. By action of air and water, they came to have soil and vegetation, and by some kind Providence, these reefs invariably have an opening.

It always seemed a wonderful thing to me that these coral builders left the channel open. But it's the case never-the-less, and right off those reefs is what we call no soundings - nothing reaches bottom.

At this island of Whitytuck, no officer was trusted to manage the boat. The Captain hired a native to pilot us. It was much safer to do that as the passage to shore was so narrow that at times it was most dangerous.

The surf would hit one corner of the reef and no one but a native

knew how to manage a ship so as it wouldn't be pounded to pieces. They were acquainted with these conditions and took us through without trouble.

When the starboard watch came aboard at noon, that Sunday, I, and the third mate and the rest of the crew went ashore for the afternoon.

I didn't take my Bible with me because of the danger there might be in losin' it. Nobody could tell but what our small boat would get swamped and everybody and everything thrown into the water.

Well, we went through the passage alright, but the water was so shallow, we couldn't get up close to shore to land our boats, so it looked as if we would have to wade the remainin' distance.

I had on my shoes and stockings and when some native saw that, he loaded me on his shoulders and carried me on shore. Other natives did the same thing to others of the crew 'til we had all landed.

Of course, when men go from ship to shore on those islands, they form in

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different groups. Some go for one thing and some another.

But just as soon as I landed, I called for a Bible. You see, sir, I was there perhaps for the only time in my life. I had the afternoon and I wanted to make the most of it.

So one of those natives, a good intelligent fellow who understood quite good English, sent a fellow to get a Bible for me.

Near where we landed was a small village. Like all sea towns, it was built close by where vessels come and go.

As soon as a native brought me a Bible, I opened it up and began to read and talk to the group that quickly gathered about me. By some strange coincidence, just then the bell in the village church began to ring for a Sunday School session of it.

Out of the sixteen men who landed with me, not one was there. But a large group of natives had gathered about me, so I went along with 'em and sat down upon a bench

in the room where they were carried
on the Sunday School session.

In the meantime, the missionary
sent down for me. He sent the Kanaka
who waited on Capt. Fuller and his wife
who was then stayin' on the Island
at the missionary's home.

~~Well~~ Well, I didn't want to go up to
that missionary's cottage any more
than I wanted to go to the moon.
What did I want to tag along after
the Captain and his wife for? They
probably saw all they wanted to
of me while on shipboard. And I
didn't care to spend my time makin'
the acquaintance of a strange
missionary.

Instead, I wanted to devote my
time to talkin' to the natives and
showin' 'em the ways of the Scriptures.

So I stayed up there only as long
as I had to, to be polite. Didn't want
to be discourteous. I was introduced
sat down a moment, got up and
departed. A quick way to do that
thing.

When I went back to the meetin'
house, the natives were just gettin'

out. The session was over so that group I talked to before, with additions, gathered round me again.

That was my element. I was just where I wanted to be. I wanted to read that Bible to them who desired to hear me that afternoon.

We left the church and went down through the coconut grove. The trees were tall, very tall, and swayed gently.

They were as native as the natives under 'em. They hadn't done any cultivatin' of tame ones down there.

When you looked up those trees, they seemed 'bout as easy to climb as a bare mast of the Milton. But the natives have a smart stunt. They put a hoop round the tree, get inside the hoop there and walk right up to the top.

In passin' down through the grove, we halted while one of natives went up a tall tree and brought down a coconut. It was just the right stage so the inside was all liquid. They're foxy, I'm tellin' you. That

fellow went up and selected just the right nut. It was something delicious and I thought I never tasted any thing so good.

We passed still farther down through the grove. The little houses we came to now and then were built of bamboo and thatched with leaves. They looked comfortable enough under the spread of a group of cocoanut trees - especially as the sun beat down on us with flyin' fan heat.

We halted near a rather small sized cottage - if you can call it a cottage. It had a piazza much after the style of New England homes.

I stood then under a tree right near that cottage all afternoon and read the Bible to the group gathered round me. The natives who could speak English acted as interpreters. One of 'em was the man who went up the tree after the cocoanut.

As I read, I noticed a native layin' on a bench nearby under the veranda. He didn't seem to pay any special attention to me nor I to him, except that I noted he didn't once seem to change his position.

All afternoon, I read passages of the Bible. The group grew larger from time to time. Some stood, others sat down on the bare ground. All the while the man lay on the bench.

When the sun was gettin' low, I said I must go back to my ship. There was some shakin' of heads at that. But I closed the Book and handed it back to the native who got it for me.

Just then the man on the bench got up and came close to my side. Lookin' up in my face, he said in said in broken English, "I feel love in my heart for you!"

But did he? Well see!

I can never forget the expression of his countenance when he said that.

Real love always manifests itself, as this instance will show.

Well, in passin' back to the shore, we didn't take the same route as we came by. Most of the natives followed me back to the ship, that native who had expressed his esteem for me, stickin' close to my side.

In takin' the short cut we soon

came to a stream of water. That native caught me up on his back and landed me on the other side.

His expression of love was unmistakable. He wouldn't have ^{me} take off my shoes and socks and wade the stream. You see the unselfishness of that. This was proof to me that he had thoughts of love in his heart.

Of course, you can't load a boat on shore when the water is shallow. Takin' about sixteen of us it had to be quite a little ways off.

So that same native caught me up on his back again and carried me out to the boat with the others. And as he went away he said again, "I feel love in my heart for you." I knew he did. I never went back to that island and I never saw him after that incident but I expect to some day, in Eternity.

You know the manner of handling a ship in the trade winds is to lay off and on. All tradin' is done with the ship not anchored. She's never still.

We stand in close to the reef near the openin' and take off the boats

whatever has been traded. Then we stand off again, and so on 'til all business is transacted.

Now we had on board three Kanakas, natives of the Friendly Islands. They were among the crew of the Martha of New Bedford, a ^{whaler} ship condemned in Russel Bay of Islands, New Zealand. Her captain was James E. Stanton; he had his son, James E. Jr., and his wife Elizabeth W. (Elford) Stanton with him. She was Capt. Stanton's wife's cousin. That ball was so called because it is said to have a hundred islands in it. That's where ships put in to recruit. So, as we happened to be there when the Martha was abandoned, Capt. Fuller shipped those three Kanakas to add to our crew.

There was an agreement drawn up by the American Consul when those natives shipped with us. It was arranged so that Capt. Fuller was obliged at the end of the voyage to return the men or get passage for them back to the Friendly Islands, a group to the eastward of the Fiji Islands.

Well, we had those natives with us while layin' off and on tradin' at this Whitytuck Island that I have just been tellin' about.

One of the natives jumped overboard.

and we had a struggle gettin' him back on deck again. He could swim and dive like a fish.

We had to lower two boats. Before we caught him and got him aboard the ship, he was pretty near ravin' and fightin' mad.

The Kanaka, who waited upon Capt. Fuller and his wife on a former voyage, and was now with the missionary, was aboard the ship at that time. So I called him to learn what the matter was with the three men.

He told me that Capt. Fuller had got the paper that had been given them by the American Consul obligin' him to return the men home. He had got by some ruse and it was in his possession.

I didn't know any thing about it but it appeared to me that the Captain was tryin' to evade the agreement. One of the men brooded upon the trouble so much, he jumped overboard. Evidently he intended to swim ashore to get away from our ship.

I sent an officer right ashore to

I sent an officer right ashore to tell Capt. Fuller to come aboard the ship. When he arrived, I confronted him with the native and told him if it was true, he had no right to have those papers in his possession.

I was pretty riled up over the matter and reminded Capt. Fuller of his obligations as master of a vessel and what bearing the incident might have if it became known back home.

I knew it wasn't pleasin' to the Capt. to have me speak to him about the matter, and it also might hurt my standin'. But I wasn't goin' to see those natives taken advantage of in that way. So I just had to speak my mind to him.

There was no doubt but what he returned the documents, for the natives were all right after that and we had no more trouble with 'em.

As they went over the side of the ship, each of them had some gold in his hand for me. Of course I didn't take it, although it wasn't any good to them where they were goin'.

While layin' off and on that island, we took on quite a quantity of supplies.

For one item we must have taken on 40 barrels of oranges. They counted about 300 oranges to a barrel. Forty times 300 - that's some fruit for one ship, I'd say.

Those oranges were reckoned at \$1.00 a barrel. But the actual cost to the owner was $33\frac{1}{3}$ cents. That's 300 for $33\frac{1}{3}$ cents.

You see, every thing was done in trade - usin' cloth largely. Natives didn't have any use for money and didn't want it.

I've traded thousands and thousands of yards of print, but I never carried such low stuff as they sell now-a-days. Wouldn't be surprised if it would have scared the natives.

Of course, the women folks wanted mostly prints and white drill. That last was the same as denim - not colored.

And you may believe me, women out there on those islands, are 'bout as vain as you find 'em anywhere. They like to dress up in gay colors.

Most of that cloth cost us 6 or 7 cents a yard like enough. But we got 25 cents a yard or better. That was the price in trade, out there, I mean.

We got over 1000 pineapples - big, luscious ones right out of the field - not off the tree as one sailor had told, when he returned home from his first voyage.

Seems as if I could smell 'em yet today. A ripe pineapple is something one never forgets. Especially when you buy 'em for a cent or so apiece.

And then we got all the bananas we could take care of at 25 cents a bunch - big bunches, too. Paid for in trade, they cost us about 8 1/2 cents a bunch.

No bananas ripen on the trees. They grow in one bunch as you see 'em in stores, stem and upward.

The big end of the bunch is cut off from the tree trunk. Natives let the trees sprout up from the roots after trimmin' down the old stalk.

As I said, we had all we could take care of. Put 'em all round in the riggin'. Even strung ropes from one mast to another. The ship looked more like a banana special instead of a greasy whaler.

Bananas, you know, keep longest up in the light and air. Those we

wanted to ripen first, we put down below in what we called the run, under the cabin floor. It was hot there and close. Those conditions would make 'em ripen fast.

The natives down in those South Sea islands wrap bananas in big green leaves. Then they heat stones and place in a hole in the ground. A pig is laid on next, then more green leaves, and finally the wrapped fruit. By the time the pig is cooked, the bananas are ripened. So they all have a big meal, South Sea fashion.

It's a strange thing but figs are found most everywhere 'round those islands. They thrive there both because of the climate and nuts and fruits they find to eat.

And as a matter of fact, they do well aboard ship. They're pretty foul things, though. Chickens are some better. Sometimes we had both and carried corn in casks to feed 'em with.

Not forgettin' the yams, too. At one time, we went into Java and got nine tons. In that country, yams are found. Pigs get very fat on yam skins,

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They are much more nutritious than potatoes.

Don't suppose you ever ate yam hash, eh? That's a dish to put muscles in your arms. Easy to make, too. Just take onions, so much beef or pork - chop up in your choppin' bowl. Boil your yams and while hot, mash 'em into the whole mess.

Of course, the preparation is strong with onions and makes your breath as bad as rank blubber. But if every one eats it, the effect is not so bad.

For the officers and cabin, the cook would take that hash and cook it like a cake. Brown it first on one side then on the other. While we had yams aboard, we'd have hash every night. There was no gettin' tired of it, either.

When we got those nine tons of yams in Java, we put 'em in the pen - what used to be the sail pen - just forward of my room. The third mate's berth was under mine. Quite a large room for that ship.

It's terrible hot round Java. We had loaded up with firewood and supplies and still lay at anchor in the harbor.

I went down to my bunk at night and lay down without much on - it was so warm and stuffy. My light wasn't out long before I felt something crawlin' on my bare arm - something with legs.

I moved my arm quickly, you bet and jumped out of my bunk to find out what a strange bedfellow I had. When I lit my lamp, I didn't have to look far. In the corner was one of those cursed poisonous centipedes about five inches long.

He had been carried in with those yams. Him crawlin' over your skin was a worse feelin' than havin' a whale turn on you, I'll say.

One of the whaler grounds of New Zealand is what we call French Rock. That's nor' east of the north island of New Zealand.

Cruisin' round there one day we saw a great sight. It was smooth water everywhere when we sighted a school of whales - the largest number I ever saw together at one time. All seemed to be big ones, too. Maybe, a hundred barrels or more.

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How many there were we couldn't tell as they were not all above water at one time. But it was a magnificent sight to see 'em runnin' along there - black shiny backs bobbin' out of the water and here and there a playful one liftin' himself half above the surface and fallin' back with a great splash.

We lowered, but they got away out of sight before we could move up and overtake 'em.

Next day, we again saw several more of the critters. But it was late in the day and we brought the ship round to get as close to the vicinity where we saw 'em, as was possible.

We lowered three boats and went after 'em. I was in the lead when a large critter came up not far from our port side.

The sail was up but I went alongside him and the boatsteerer put that first iron in him good and solid.

The second iron missed. In the meantime, we got our sail in and away, and the boat all cleared for action.

It looked as if the killin' part would come right off next without much trouble, providin' we could get close enough to him.

Well, this big fellow was cunnin'. He started runnin' away fast. Then he slowed down somewhat. But just as we thought we might get close enough to bomb him, off he'd go again.

I stood up in the head of that boat and acknowledged to my Creator that I couldn't do any thing with that fellow. So I asked the Lord to slow him up.

You see, sir, I didn't ask the Lord to stop the critter, for I figured if I could get to him, I'd do that myself. All I wanted was for that whale to be slowed up.

And do you know, sir, that's just what happened. Pretty soon he slowed up and I got near enough to give him the bomb lance.

He sank rapidly but in a moment or two came up again under water a little ways off.

We drew near and I gave him the second lance, then the third. But still there was a lot of life left left in him.

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My boat was alone out there. It was comin' on night and we were now a long distance from our ship.

I had one bomb-lance left. You see the Captain allowed us four to each boat. I had asked the Lord to slow up the critter so I could kill him and I felt deeply obliged to make good on this last chance.

Also, if I didn't stop him then, I don't know where we would have spent the night. It was a dreary prospect taggin' a galled whale round the ocean when it was so dark you couldn't see from one end of the boat to the other. Dangerous, too, because it was late in the season and storms might overtake us at any time.

But the last bomb-lance did the job. I got well into his innards and it sure stopped him.

Lucky thing, too. A fightin' whale at night is a touchy critter to handle.

He might take a notion to turn on you.

As soon as we knew the critter

was dead, we opened our lantern carriage and lit up. Every boat carried a lantern and matches for just such an emergency. That was to aid the ship or other boats that are loose, in learnin' of our where-a-bouts.

The third mate got up to us about midnight and the ship followed along a couple of hours later. You see, they knew the general direction the whale had taken us. So they tacked back and forth 'til they sighted our light.

As soon as the creature was hauled alongside and made fast, everybody went below and turned in except the watch.

It appeared that we were in good whalin' grounds and we wanted to get that fellow out of the way as soon as possible.

So we began the cutting-in process by daybreak. Soon the blubber was bein' tumbled over the side of the ship, the mincin' machine was creakin' and the try-pots a-boilin'. Everyone was in fine fettle that mornin'.

And sure enough, a couple of days later, we ran into another

school of whales. They got away from us, however, and disappeared where many good whales go - the far horizon.

Our next tiff with a whale came some weeks later, when we ran into a trio off New Zealand. My boatsteerer struck one and I killed him with the first lance.

He was not a very large whale, so I stuck a waip in him. That's a little pole six or seven feet long with a blue flag on it. This was just stuck into the dead creature so we could keep run of him. Then we could easily go back and find him when we wanted to.

Well, I did that. Then we put off after another critter that was tellin' along not far away.

The boatsteerer got fast to him and he started to run takin' out much wet line with him.

In a moment, I was up in the head of that boat and it looked like a sleigh ride for us. But just then I felt my end goin' under water, and I could see the whale was goin'.

down.

I glanced back and saw that line was badly tangled clear to the loggerhead. As I reached down for the knife we kept ^{hand off} in the boat end, a wave struck us straight on and nearly swamped us because the bow was so low in the water.

As the whale was goin' down fast and so was my end of the boat, I didn't lose any time drawin' that knife across that line. I'm tellin' you

That critter kept right on runnin' and ^{we} never saw him again. Probably some one else did later, however, for a wounded whale usually turns up sooner or later.

You see, sir, there was 210 fathoms - 6 feet to a fathom - of line in each boat. That's got to be coiled carefully for it's a big pile. If a whale is takin' out a lot of line, it's easy to become tangled up. That pulls the boat's bow under water and if the line can't be cleared quick, it's got to be cut. That's the only thing to do and it's got to be done right off, else the boat would be in for a sinkin' spell. And in that case, the crew would not only be spilled

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headlong into the water, but they were likely to find themselves without a boat, as the whale would be makin' off with that to a distance the men could not get to it.

The South Pacific is very much like the North Pacific. November and December bein' terrible months in which to make a crossin'. Prevailin' winds are southeast trade and storms blow up with suddenness and violence.

Nevertheless, we left Honolulu late in the year, bound for New Bedford round Cape Horn. On the way we called at the Navigator Islands, better known as Samoan Islands.

Among those that Capt. Fuller took aboard was a young Kanaka, brought up a missionary of one of the islands. John was his name. He was a privileged character, doin' anything and everything he wanted to. Had as much liberty as the Captain himself, as he would go ashore and come aboard when he had a mind to do so.

It all happened in this way. This young Kanaka had made himself a hero

to Capt. Fuller when he commanded the ship, Napoleon.

The Captain had his wife and son on that voyage. John had shipped as one of the crew to go on a short whalin' voyage down in New Zealand grounds.

One day durin' that voyage, the Captain's son got so excited watchin' a school of dolphins playin' round the ship, that he fell overboard.

The young Kanaka, John, saw him fall and jumped right in after him. He seized the lad, put him on his back and took the best of care of him. In a few minutes a boat was lowered and the two rescued.

But that act brought him into permanent good will of the Fuller family. You see, that was why he was such a privileged character aboard, and why nobody had any thought but good about him. Never a bit of envy or anything of that kind, as all the crew knew he had earned his privileges.

The story is told about this Kanaka goin' back to New Bedford on

the Napoleon with Capt. Fuller.

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As the ship approached Cape Horn - which you remember is the southernmost tip of South America and reached down into the cold, stormy regions - Capt. Fuller told John to go below and stay there 'til they got 'round into the Atlantic.

The sailors had been guying this young Kanaka, tellin' him that when they got to goin' 'round the Horn, the weather would be so terrible that the ship would roll so that the yard-arms would dip water. Believe me, that would be some rollin', even for that rough passage.

To the Kanaka brought up in the almost torrid zone, with oranges, bananas, tropical breezes and coral reef protection, that was a pretty bad picture.

So he got down on his knees and prayed to God that he would smooth the water so that the ship would go 'round that terrible point in safety.

And sure enough, we went 'round that point with royals set - that's our top most sails and indicates all sail out in a smooth sea.

Next the sailors told John, that when he got to the point of destination - New Bedford - the land sharks would be after him and he'd have to be pretty nimble to keep out of their clutches.

Now bein' brought up on those South Sea Islands, he knew what real sharks were - pretty dangerous things. Kanaka children go into the water very young. They are taught about the dangers of sharks from the very beginnin'.

It was no wonder the thought of land sharks scared him. But the Captain explained to him what they were and what was open to sailors was the saloon, the gamblin' den, and the brothel - that's what he would find.

So he again prayed about that situation - that the Lord would take care of his feet and hands that he would not go in the way of wickedness, and do no evil things. And take care of his eyes that he would not look upon violence, and his ears that he would hear no evil. That's what he prayed again and again.

Now when the ship arrived in New Bedford and the sailors landed,

John was a stranger in a strange land. Of course, he went with some of his shipmates and soon found himself in a place where women gathered for no good purpose.

When he saw that he was gettin' in bad company, he lost no time in gettin' away from that place. The city missionary soon took hold of him and he was looked after by the societies that made it a business of takin' care of strange sailors who had no home. There was the Mariner's Home, the Seaman's Bethel, and the City Mission among the most important.

Afterwards Capt. Fuller took him into his family at Nantucket, so he had a permanent home.

It works out when you come to the moral of it, it is much better to take the right course at the start and stick to it.

I long before had made up my mind that whoever trusted me would not be sorry.

That incident of the Kanaka is all in favor of the missionaries and their work. Some of 'em don't know any too much about the Bible, but you can't hold that against 'em. They instilled good

ideas and principles into the hearts and minds of those natives.

When I went ashore from the Milton at the completion of that voyage, I was met at the wharf by one of New Bedford's richest men who owned 40 ships.

He addressed me as Capt. Sherman. That was as much as to say that the next time I went out, I would be master of my own ship.

But the Milton was not to be mine. The owners gave her to another man - one of their crack whalersmen they had kept in waitin' to take the ship when we got home.

No, they didn't give her to me, but that was alright I suppose.

You see the Milton never had had a bad voyage. She had been on 8 voyages before I sailed in her, and we brought back over 2400 barrels of oil - so that made 9, and all successful.

But that crack whalesman the owners had in reserve, ruined her.

The Captain left her, and the chief mate - also a man especially favored by the owners - went in as master.

But she sprung a leak and had to

put in at Tahiti for repairs. She was never any good after that. It proved a disastrous voyage and that ended her career.

I found when the Milton's voyage ended, that my wife's father and mother were gettin' along in years. They had about \$70,000 worth of property, mostly old tenements that needed renovatin'. It appeared I could find plenty to do lookin' after those houses.

I kept askin' myself, why not? But the idea had taken such a hold of me that I couldn't get away from it.

The next mornin', I took a horse and hay-rack and went down to get some hay of my father. He helped me load up and I brought it over to town and put it in the barn.

As soon as that was done, I went down to the wharf. Some idea seemed to impel my feet in that direction, although I hadn't been there since leavin' the Milton.

Winterin' at the wharf was the ship, Sunbeam. She was bein' fitted out for a voyage and I guess I stayed there some time lookin' her over.

As I came off the wharf, I met Darius Gardner. He was, of course, a shipping agent, one of the firm of Taber, Read and Gardner, whose business it was to get men for whalers, also furnish sailors and do general outfittin'.

We fell into conversation. He said he hadn't seen me for a long time, especially, down at the wharf.

Well, sir, you might say he "smelled a rat". He got it into his head that my bein' down on the wharf meant that I was lookin' for a vessel.

A little talkin' and he got me to the point where I revealed the idea that I would go to sea again.

He said something about what vessel I might want. I replied that the Canton would do.

That was a pretty bold request for the vessel was then down off the coast of Australia. Peleg Sherman was the master and I didn't know anything about the situation at all, but I asked for her just the same.

"Do you really want the Canton," Mr. Gardner asked? He showed very plainly that if I did, I could have her.

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So, soon after that he arranged for me to have an interview with Edward D. Mendell, a rich man of New Bedford and one of the principal owners in the vessel I mentioned.

Well, everyone seemed satisfied and I was engaged to go on the Canton, then away at sea.

When she came home, the whole matter was arranged. I was to go as master of the Canton and her owners started at once to outfit her for the next voyage.

The agent for the ship was John F. Tucker. He belonged to the Society of Friends, and was a public speaker of note among the brethren.

About the time when the Canton was ready for sea, there was a camp-meetin' goin' to take place at Springfield, Mass. I didn't see how I possibly could go, but I felt the urge so strongly that I went up. I had thirty-odd dollars with me besides my round trip ticket.

During the day, I heard a man talk in the tent. What he said interested me and I became interested in him.

So next day, we went out in the woods
think we ever --

one side to pray. In his prayer, he didn't seem to know what he was sayin', but after it, I asked him if he would go to sea with me.

Although it had become generally known that I was goin' on a voyage he was greatly astonished. His friends, too, when he came to speak to 'em about it, thought I was up to some mischief.

A bad actor.

They said I was a kidnapper, and tried to discourage him from such an idea as goin' off with an entire stranger, and they didn't take any stock in what I said about a voyage and a whalin' ship.

This man was workin' for his cousin on a farm outside the city. When the meetin' closed late on Sunday night, it was agreed that I should go home with him.

We had no conveyance and as no one was goin' our way, we footed it.

As we were goin' across a bridge, I said to him that the Lord must have a hand in this, me goin' with a total stranger in the dead of night, to a strange place - that farm where he ^{worked}.

Well, we got there after a while and occupied the same room.

He had to get up early to milk the cows and of course was to take the milk into Springfield. So I went back with him on his milk cart to a certain point where I could return to the camp ground to get my luggage.

Before I left him, I gave him all the money I had, except carfare to the train. I told him if it seemed right he should go with me to sea, to use that money, and come down to New Bedford.

After the train had started, I happened to look over the ticket I had, and noticed it should have been countersigned by Miles Grant, President of the camp meetin', so it really was worthless.

On the train was a man whom I knew, a preacher from New Bedford. I went over to where he sat and asked him if he had \$5.00 he could lend me if I needed it, and of course explained the situation.

However when the conductor came along, I passed him out the ticket. He took it without question and I never heard

any more about it.

This I took to be a Providential indication that this thing was all right. I mean about the stranger going on the voyage with me.

Soon after that he wrote me a letter. He said when it came night, he went to his room to lay down on his bed and pray to the Lord to give him light upon this question.

If it was all wrong, he prayed that it be dark; if it was all right, let it be light.

He went to sleep and dreamed he looked out of a window and everywhere it was all illuminated. So he took that as a good sign and stated he would be down in a few days.

Now, there was just one place to make up the ship's crew. He could be a cook. But he didn't know much about cooking so I sent him to a woman who taught him something about making bread. That's very important aboard a ship.

It isn't so essential that a cook be first-class so long as you have a good steward. Only a cook needs to know how to make bread. Of course, the other things

most any one that's grown up could do if he's been round ~~the~~ common walks of life.

So Albert Phelps - that was his name - was shipped as cook on the Canton. He was a stranger on a strange boat but the Lord seems to have sent him to me.

But before he sailed, he left money for the maintenance of his son, who was livin' with friends in Chicopee, Mass.

As he had associated himself with the Advent People, ^{his wife} who belonged to a Holiness organization, had left him.

Hence the boy had to be provided for by Mr. Phelps before the voyage began.

We sailed from New Bedford on Sept. 12, 1878. Wilbur, my oldest son, was one year and two days old. My second son, born while I was at sea, I never saw 'til he was four years old.

George L. Howland, who went as chief mate, had only been on two voyages before but was a blight and capable officer.

He had been told by different ones, not to go with Sherman for I was known as a radical, religious character. But he went not-with-standing, and I don't think he ever regretted it.

Well, I chose the Indian Ocean route and we went round Cape Good Hope, in the fairest of fair weather.

By the time we reached Albany, Australia, our first port of call, we had picked up about 500 barrels of Sperm^{oil}.

Then we cruised down past Tasmania, and then turned Northward again toward Norfolk, an island up from New Zealand, about Latitude 29.

Early in the voyage, our cook, Phelps had been taken sick and I knew I'd have to leave him on shore.

It was an easy matter to find a place at Norfolk where he could board and have reasonable care 'til we returned for him.

Then for the next couple of months we cruised off New Zealand but with only fair success. When we reached Norfolk Island, Phelps was no better and couldn't come aboard the ship.

As there was no American Consul on the Island, I hunted up the chief magistrate, head man of that land and bargained with him to look after the sick cook.

He agreed to send Phelps to Sydney.

Australia, where there was an American Consul, who in turn would see that the man had passage to an American port. I had to leave \$45.00 with the magistrate for this to be accomplished.

You know, it's required if you discharge a man in a foreign port, you have to leave that sum with the American Consul, who sees that the seaman gets back safely to his home land.

Leaving Norfolk Island, we went southwest a little and found whales.

It was about this time that we began to hold meetings aboard ship. Mr. Howland, our first mate, was one of those converted.

The meetings were held down in my private cabin. It was a wonderful experience, I'll tell you.

We gathered down there every evening. It was not compulsory, but just for those who chose to attend.

I sat at one end of the table, and Mr. Howland at the other. The rest of the company were seated round in a half circle.

One evening when I went down there, my mind was as blank as a

sheet of paper without a line on it

I said someone must have an inspiration about the subject for the meetin'. A young fellow from the Norfolk Islands mentioned some chapter in the Gospel of Luke.

I opened my Bible to that chapter and when I looked on it, it flashed into my mind that here's enough to talk about for a week.

The chapter was historical and told what had been done. My mind filled up with ideas. Flashed to every corner. The Lord surely was with me. He told me what to say in those meetings just as he had done on the Islands, when I talked and baptized.

After cruisin' the off shore grounds - that's beyond Pitcairn Islands - we headed 'round and called back at the Norfolk Islands.

Here it comes in why I was taken off the woodpile back in New Bedford, and sent on this voyage. The Lord had a meanin' to it.

We had been away from the Islands about a year. In the meantime, Phelps, the cook I discharged had gotten better

of his illness and had left.

But right there in the house where he stayed and while he was confined to his bed, he had started havin' meetings with the natives.

Phelps had done good work and the natives had continued to cling to his teachings. Those teachings had mitigated against the work of the missionaries and they had practically driven him from the Island.

It is my opinion that Phelps was taken by the Lord from Chickapee and landed on that Island in order to do that sort of work - to accomplish that mission.

Norfolk Islanders were a decent lot of folks. Good seamen, too, and we often shipped 'em as members of our crews. One of 'em got up to be my second mate.

While I was there, some of the Norfolkers went to neighborin' islands and brought back some of the natives to educate 'em. Many were almost cannibals and the purpose was to get 'em together and teach the doctrine of the Church of England.

The British government had given land - about 1000 acres - on Norfolk Island to the Church. Missionary work was carried on with more or less success. It ended up by Bishop Patterson being killed by those he tried to aid and teach.

Well, when the revival broke out at the house where Phelps stayed, lots of those folks were converted.

One man way up in the country asked one of the clergymen what the matter was with him. The clergyman asked him what his besetting sin was, to which the native replied that he didn't have any and that's all there was about it. But he went down to one of those meetings. There he found out what the matter was with him. He got under conviction and how it changed him!

My second mate's wife told me that while the meetings were goin' on in that house, she and others who took up the ^{doctrine} of the Church of England went down outside there to make fun.

Mr. Phelps, ~~prayed~~ at the beginning of a meetin', prayed that the Lord

would shower down blessings on the people gathered about him.

Right out of a clear, starlit sky, she said, ~~she said~~ a shower of rain fell down upon 'em. That convinced her and many others, that they better not make light of what was goin' on.

That's the reason you see why the powers got Phelps off that island as quick as possible. The magistrate, bein' in sympathy with the missionary leader, saw to it that Phelps was put on the first vessel that called at the island for Sidney, Australia.

But his teachings fell upon fertile grounds. He sowed well.

Well, they wanted I should baptize some of those converts. That would upset that sprinklin' business - sprinklin' babies, you know - which the British Church taught.

I was stayin' at the house of my second mate's family. The bishop came to see me. His face was pretty long and dark as he spoke in protest against the idea of baptism by immersion.

I wanted him to go into the house and be seated. I wanted to read the

scripture to him.

But he wouldn't do that, so we talked together standin' by a fence on the lot.

I found that he didn't know a thing about what the Scripture taught on baptism. Not one thing!

As I talked and quoted passages from the Bible, he grew softer and softer, until he was quite nice in his countenance before we got through.

He said he would preach upon baptism the next Sunday. I told him I would go down and hear him.

The chapel where he preached had a curious pulpit. Nearly reached to the ceiling.

You see, sir, at one time Norfolk Island was once used as a penal colony for desperate criminals - same as Cape Verde Islands, where Portugal put her bad men.

Well, now, that pulpit was built high that way so it would be safe for the preacher. He could see all over the church and couldn't nobody harm him if they wanted to.

When the Bishop started preachin'

that day, he looked at me. But he ²¹⁰
hadn't gone far when he was uneasy and
not so bold. The texts he quoted were
every one on my side.

So I guessed it was the will of God
that I should baptize those converts after
all. It was a strange thing that while
I had spent much time ~~on the~~ water and
was a sea farin' man, I'd never learned
how to swim. I'd been under water several
times but always come up pretty quick.

But there I was with that oppo-
sition to those people bein' immersed, and
wantin' to baptize 'em, and I wasn't
at home in the water.

One mornin' very early, before there
was much light, I got up and went
down to Emily Bay, a sheet of water on
one side of the island.

On the way, a voice said to me,
"Harmony with God."

I was to be careful.

I went down there to bathe that
mornin', and when I waded out into the
calm water inside the reef, I could
swim as nice as could be.

When I came out of the water, the

sun was just right and I sat down on a rock to dress myself.

As I looked along the shore of the bay, I saw what you might call a vision. I saw a great company of people gathered there on the beach.

Shortly after that, I did baptize some of those people upon that very spot. And there was a great crowd gathered upon the bank as witnesses, singin' hymns and rejoicin'.

At the close of that visit to the Islands, along late one afternoon, we were makin' ready to take our departure.

I had eight or ten of the young islanders signed up to go with me. So a whole lot of folks were down there to see 'em off.

Most everyone on the island was related to everybody else and that's why they all came down to the pier to see friends and relatives off.

So I talked to that gatherin' about an hour and a half, takin' my text from Second Peter, first chapter, verses

2-10.

"Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God

and of Jesus, our Lord;

"According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue;

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.

"And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue, and to virtue, knowledge;

"And to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness;

"And to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.

"For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins.

Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure;

for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall!"

That's what I preached about. It tells what to do and how to do it.

One man went up and told the Bishop that I had pictured him as Goliath and I as David and had rid him out. But I never thought of such a thing.

All the satisfaction he got out of the Bishop was to hear him say, "He's a mighty man in Scripture and knows whereof he speaks".

Cruisin' south by west from Norfolk Islands, we found whales.

From there we undertook to go further south, down off the west coast of New Zealand, a notable whalin' ground.

But we hadn't gone far when we encountered bad weather. The Canton set her teeth to the risin' winds. The seas swelled more and more and looked ugly. Before us black cloud banks rolled high and became lost in the heavens.

That condition continued for a few days with no sign of a better break. So we concluded it was a bad omen. It was what seemed to me an indication

that the Almighty did n't want us to go down there.

So we turned back again to the grounds southwest of Norfolk Islands. There we had found whales and would likely do so again.

It was on this cruise that Mr. Nash, the second mate, wasn't feelin' very well and was afraid to lower down the boat, so I went in his place.

The mate, the third mate and myself were followin' whales along and I was ahead. I thought to myself, "What should I be doin' there seekin' the chance that should count only for those young fellows. I was at the top of the ladder and didn't need to add to my credit."

You see, ships go out with the prospect of gettin' as many whales as possible. So whoever kills the most is looked upon most favorable, and it helped him along in the business.

So I slacked off my sheet a bit to let the others go by me.

But just then a voice said to me, "The first chance, the best chance."

Never the less, I slacked up the sheet and

followed along usin' my judgment as to where the whales would come up.

But the critters went down before I got near 'em. As they did, I noticed one with a corner of his fluke gone. Evidently a shark had taken it off when the whale was young.

I kept goin' cautiously so as to be able to get alongside when one of the creatures would come up again.

The two other officers were a little before.

It's not considered quite fair for one boat to pull ahead of another unless you are makin' a better calculation.

They hadn't done that, however. When the whales came up, I was nearest so went right alongside of one of 'em. Got the irons into him good and solid.

Just then another critter came up right nearby. His black back seemed so close to the other boats that the men could almost touch him.

The third ^{mate} lay a mite the nearest so he harpooned him.

Well, the two didn't put up enough kick to rile up the water. We had bomb lances in 'em before they fairly knew

what struck their carcass.

So it worked out that we got both whales. Of course, one can't tell what they will do, but they are not apt to come along side each other unless they are cow and calf. In that case, they are always together.

When we had been on the off shore grounds some weeks, we headed back toward New Zealand.

Soon after passing by a group of low islands, we ran into a school of cows and calves - sperms, and got nine of 'em.

Little things they were. Three boats went into the school and soon everything got tangled up in a mess with hundreds of fathoms of line out. At least, we found that number, although we probably killed more.

The lot of 'em didn't make much more than one hundred barrels of oil. Cows and their young are pretty small. This was in warm latitudes and water and these young whales probably went up there to bring forth their calves. That would account for such a school of

small whales.

They were not much like the two we got earlier on that cruise - the two that came up alongside each other and made a hundred and fifty barrels or more.

This shows that God has more care than the majority of us have any idea of our business affairs. Most often we don't pay due regard to what the great disciple, Paul, gives to us Gentiles. His instruction is, "That in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Phil. 4:6.

The next port of call was the town of Russell, New Zealand. Our whalin' cruises generally took us off about five months on an average. Then we had to go to land for fresh provisions and to give the crew an opportunity for shore leave.

Well, in that town we loaded on a fresh supply of water and vegetables to fall our needs.

We'd given the crew liberty and the ship was ready to put to sea again. The first mate went forward and

called the men who were down in the fo'castle. Called 'em to man the windlass. That means take up the anchor, give her sheets and sail out.

A few of the fo'mast hands came up on deck ready for action. But the rest of 'em refused to do so.

They had made up their minds that they didn't want to leave the port yet awhile. Of course, they thought we couldn't hoist anchor without 'em.

Well, sir, we didn't argue with 'em. There was no need to and it would have been undignified to do that.

So we just closed the companion way so that they could only come up when we let 'em come up.

Then the rest of us aboard the ship we had enough help without goin' ashore - hauled up the anchor, made up sail and put out to sea.

It wasn't long before we heard from those fellows down below. They were clamorin' to come on deck.

It was hot and stuffy and any thing but comfortable down there.

They were without water, although there was water and provisions near by but they couldn't get at 'em.

But we were not in the least mite of a hurry to let 'em out of the predicament, seein' as how they had only themselves to blame.

When they were allowed on deck we put 'em in irons the rest of the day. Then they had to ask the chief mate's forgiveness for disobeyin' orders.

It was plain mutiny but nothin' serious, so we punished 'em in that way. Askin' forgiveness of the mate was particularly an act of humiliation to 'em, you see.

It's an important matter that the crew respect the orders of the mate. You've got to have the same discipline aboard a whaler as any other ship, else all would be disorder.

So we let the matter go at that. All except one did as ordered. That particular fellow swore he wouldn't ask forgiveness of anybody.

We decided it wasn't any use goin' too far with a character, such as he was. You might starve him to death

and he wouldn't yield.

Anyhow, we thought we'd give him to think the matter over. So we let him spend the night in irons off by himself. Next mornin' he too acknowledged his wrong doin' and the war was closed.

Some of the most troublesome things in seafarin' life were the murderers and jail birds, who used ships as a means of gettin' from one country to another.

Whalin' ships were not free from men of those bad characteristics. They got aboard in one way or another to get to one place or another. You could bet they were trouble makers every time.

Among the crew of the Canton, on this voyage was a young man named Samuel Bruck, of Vineyard Haven. He made us so much trouble that the next time we went to Norfolk Island to recruit ship and give shore leave, we kept him aboard all the time.

Immediately after that, we went off the Chatham Islands. That's a group to the southeast of New Zealand.

Weather blew up disagreeable and was cold and damp for some spell.

One day, the chief mate came to me and reported that Brush had a spot on the bottom of his foot.

Well, I knew at once what that meant. It was the beginnin' of that awful disease - scurvy. It was no doubt caused by lack of shore leave on our last stop.

It was quite common in the early history of the whalin' business. Generally, it came about by bein' a long time out at sea without fresh provisions, fruit or such like.

The disease is so serious that if left unchecked it soon causes disil-lusionment of the whole physical aspects of the victim.

But here's where the powerful healin' effect of the earth is shown.

I told Mr. Howland, the chief mate, we'd put in at Pitt's Island. That one-half the crew could go the forenoon part of the day, and the other group in the afternoon.

The days were long at that time of the season so that gave every man

several hours on land.

We didn't tell Bruck what the matter was ^{with} him. He went ashore with the rest of 'em. Didn't even take off his shoes, but he was cured and had no more trouble for the rest of the season.

The earth exerts a powerful effect in such cases. Even just the smell of land upon goin' into port was known to exert curative powers.

The story is told of a man who had a bad case of scurvy. He was taken on land and cured by havin' both his legs and feet buried in the earth. That took the disease right out of him.

Nature, my goodness, provides curative powers in very simple ways. I am reminded of what an old family doctor used to say: "Why does the man whose garden sage affords?"

My grandmother used to have a garden of sage and used it most effectively, too.

Late in the summer of '79, we put into the Friendly Islands - one of the groups east of the Fijis. None of us on board had ever been to that place

before, so I stood on the bow of the ship, chart in hand.

That gave the depth of water and a description of all dangers. All places where ships visit are so charted.

In that way it is possible to call at strange ports with safety.

There was a deep inlet reachin' into the island and we had to beat the ship up against the trade wind for quite some distance. None of us had knowledge of where we were goin', so we sailed by the chart alone.

When we got up to the village where we wanted to anchor, we did so in 25 fathoms of water. That's pretty deep. The ship's cables were over 90 fathoms long.

We went in there to get a supply of water, fruit, vegetables, fresh fish and chickens. Of course, we'd rather have had beef or mutton but there was ~~none~~ of none of that in such a hot country.

The ship carried 115 casks of water, the smallest of which would hold 3 barrels. To get those filled, we made a raft of 'em and floated 'em to shore.

A fresh supply of water is about the most important thing on shipboard and we made sure there was plenty of it.

We had with us an elderly native of the island, whose name was Timothy. He could speak some English and so acted as interpreter and did the tradin' for us.

Late one day he told me that quite a number of the crew were goin' to leave the ship.

The mate had the stages over the sides of the ship doin' some painting, among other things. Presumably those planthin' to desert were goin' to wait til we had cleared up everything and then shoot out.

It so happened that those islands in the Pacific Ocean, especially in the tropical regions, were visited by ships from Europe to obtain dried cocoanuts. That we call coconut meat or copra.

Great quantities of nuts are produced to load one ship. You have no idea how many it took. This coconut meat was carried to European mills and there ground and pressed into oil.

Now the traders who owned the coconut plantations were induced in some way or another to get intelligent labor from the concerns that were getting the cargoes together. So they tried to persuade men from the ships that called there to work for them, makin' the proposition seem very easy.

You see, the plantation owners could get better help in this manner. Men gotten from the European ships were far superior workers to the natives, who were used to doin' things.

As a rule, natives were shiftless and lazy, likin' to enjoy the tropical days idlin' round with as much ease as possible, rather than workin'.

So glowin' pictures would be painted to crews of ships goin' into such places. A life of ease in the warm tropical atmosphere, plenty of fun, plenty of women and everything that would appeal to seafarin' men.

After a time those promises would fade out, and men who accepted 'em would be practically destitute and in slavery. Little chance they had, too, of gettin' away from the watchful and cruel

eyes of the plantation owners.

Now with us, in regard to the voyage and our interest in it, it would be a great loss if a part of the crew deserted. It would take time to go where we could get other good men, and then we might not find 'em available.

Old Timothy told me that some of the men were lured by promise of tropical ease and were goin' to leave the ship. I couldn't sleep at all that night.

I got up off my bed long after midnight and knelt down at the end of my chest - my white wood chest.

Well, sir, I presented my case to my Father which is in Heaven. His angel said very plainly to me, "Take the anchors and go to sea."

As I've already stated, we had two anchors down in 25 fathoms of water and a raft of casks ashore.

Besides, we were painting the ship and doin' other things that could not be accomplished while at sea.

So that was some predicament to be in!

I waited for the chief mate to begin

the day's work after breakfast. Then I told him what I wanted done to put the ship in condition - that I wanted to get the casks aboard ship, water or no water, just as they were. Also, haul in the stagin' and get the ship ready to move.

I didn't tell him my intentions - that we were goin' to sea - but I told him all he needed to know. Presumably, if the crew had suspected we were goin' to move they would no doubt think we were bound further up the inlet.

Besides water, the one thing needed badly at that time was broom stuff. We were very short of it.

Broom stuff is the center fiber of a cocoanut leaf about a couple of feet long. Natives stripped it off, bundled it and sold it to us to make brooms for washin' and cleanin' the deck.

As I stated, we had been out for some time and had hardly any of the left. So I took the steward and two or three fellows who weren't of much account and went some distance up the river or inlet, to the native village.

When we landed, Timothy, the interpreter wasn't there. We couldn't make

ourselves understood. Just jabber, jabber, in all sorts of sign language. Still the natives couldn't do a thing for us.

I found out that Timothy was back in the country. So I got a fellow to go with me and he guided me through the woods 'til we came to a stream and open lot.

The guide called across in a good strong voice. Sent his voice away across that water and soon Timothy answered.

Well, sir, when he arrived back in that village and made known our wants, broom stuff came from all directions.

We had cloth - calicoes - with us. Timothy did the tradin' while I measured cut off the piece and passed it out to this one and that.

Quick as the trade was made, my fellows piled it into the boat 'til we had it full.

When I cut off the last piece - cut the selvage so I could tear it through - I laid down my knife. When I returned to the ship, I discovered it was missin, and never saw it again. That was most regrettable for I never allowed it to be

used for cuttin' tobacco.

Soon after that, I obtained another knife [1879] and I'm still carryin' it in my pocket (1933). That knife also has never been used to cut tobacco and I never lent it to anyone for that purpose.

The relatin' of this incident shows something of a careful nature. It requires considerable care to keep a knife in one's possession for a period of more than 50 years.

We went back to the ship takin' Timothy along with us. It got to be pretty well along in the day by the time we hauled along side and put the broom stuff on deck.

The crew was plainly ugly, but they thought we were goin' to move the ship further up where it was shoal water, or else they wouldn't have worked at all. Had they known we were goin' to sea, there likely would have been open mutiny.

So when the last anchor was hove up the horse pipe, we again pointed the ship out to sea.

Timothy told those natives aboard.

and there were lots of 'em on deck at the time, tradin' and so forth - that the ship was bound out.

When they heard that, they went over the sides of that ship like so many rats. Some of 'em didn't even take their canoes anchored near the ship, but swam off as fast as they could go.

The crew was taken back by this sudden sailin', but no one said anything.

It didn't take long to get outside. We were on a fair wind that blew the sheets full.

We found then that we hadn't lost any of the crew. Every body was aboard. One or two groups stood lookin' back at the island we were leavin'. That was all the evidence I saw of their misguided plans.

Later I had a talk with the fourth mate. He was one of the group plannin' to desert the ship. He said he and the others all saw their folly and were glad to be aboard. They realized that they were much off than if they had accepted the trader's offer. It would have been a serious thing to have left them there. After a time they would have been penniless.

and destitute. Nothin' but slaves with no hope of escapin' from the tropical imprisonment.

That incident shows that God cares for his people. He wouldn't have that voyage ruined and he wouldn't have those men damaged either. That angel told me what to do just as plain as my first mate would say it, "Take the anchors and go to sea."

That's just what I did.

Soon after that we were homeward bound 'cross the Pacific and 'round Cape Horn. That's about 7000 miles.

Cape Horn is about 4000 miles eastward and a little south of New Zealand, and when you get there you were no nearer the coast of Massachusetts than before.

That's because you travel on the outside of a right angle.

As we approached Cape Horn, we encountered one of those awful westerly gales such as test men's courage. It had a bite and a sting to it, and it looked like we ^{were} in for a good lashin' before she could blow herself out.

There were only 13 of us aboard the

ship on the passage home bound, on account of the largest number of the crew being Norfolk Islanders, who were paid off and left at their home port.

So I had one watch with five men and the mate had the other, also with five of the crew. The steward was the only man left free as he wasn't needed to do duty on deck.

My first ^{watch} was out at 11 o'clock and the mate's watch came on deck for the middle watch until 3 in the morning.

I hadn't been down in bed but a little while before the mate came and woke me. He said the gale was something terrible and wanted to know if there was any thing more that we could do.

Well, now, I said just what we find here in the Bible and quoted some of the passage from the 107th Psalm, wherein it says: "They are at their wits end. ---"

We could do nothing more. We were at our wits end. We had done every thing in human power.

Everything was lashed solid and made secure, and the ship had her three stay sails set. That's the last thing done. She just had to drift before

the gale or lay there and roll it on 'til the wind abated.

"For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the Heaven."

Who mounts up to the Heaven? Why, the ship on the top of the waves.

"They go down again to the depths."

That is, the ship goes down into the hollow of the sea again.

"Their soul is melted because of trouble."

That does not apply so much to the men for they think little of it but lay down and go to sleep. The Captain and officers, however, who have the responsibility - they were sorely troubled.

"They roll to and fro and stagger like a drunken man."

Surely that's the motion of a ship in a gale of wind - thrown this way and that by each succeeding wave - rolls to and fro.

"- - - and are still at their wits end."

I told the mate we could do nothing

more. But God has great care for his people, and the seafarin' portion of humanity - those that do business on the ocean - they are not neglected.

"Then they cry unto Jehovah in their trouble, and he bringeth them out their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still: Then are they glad because they are quiet."

Not a gale, the whole ocean seems to move. It's powerful how the wind whips up the water with such fury, makin' the ship roll 'til yard arms are wet and decks awash.

How helpless man is upon it!
"So he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

Why, the distressin' conditions change. The wind becomes fair and we go on our way rejoicin'.

There's a lesson - not merely to apply to sea farin' life but to any thing. No matter what the adverse circumstances are, it's no use to give up. Hang on!

That's somethin' only to be learned in the school of experience. Seagoin' folk learn to hang on early in life.

November 24, 1882, we headed into

New Bedford in a spell of cold that made our boots chatter. A few days before, we had been rollin' across the Gulf Stream in sunny, pleasant weather.

The last night out, I remember turnin' in with all my clothes on - and boots, too, for that matter - and then wasn't warm.

There's nothin' blessed about our New England weather, but I'll wager we gladly suffered a chill or two for the thrill of seein' that familiar coastline again.

We had been out 4 years, 2 months and 12 days and had about 2000 barrels of oil. It was a profitable voyage as I only drew on the owners for \$636.00 durin' that entire time. I had managed to trade well, so very little money was required.

Only 11 men returned with us. Their pay was small so it didn't take much to pay 'em off. I and the chief mate were all who got much. So it turned out a good thing for the owners and they were highly pleased.

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My success with the Canton greatly
my standin' among ship owners and
agents. So I could have any ship I
wanted for the askin'.

Salt water wasn't easy to shake
off one's slicker and the smell of a
greasy blubber pot was something
to stick in one's nostrils.

Whalin' was a business to be
carried on - for me to carry on, and
presumably I had not thought of givin'
it up.

I learned in the town one day
that one Andrew Hicks, an agent who
had several whalin' vessels, was givin'
up the business as he had got to be far
advanced in years.

One of his ships, called the Mermaid,
was for sale. She wasn't a new vessel
but was a very good one, formerly hailin'
from Westport Point.

I mentioned the matter to my father-
in-law, Elijah Gifford, and he was quite
favorable to buyin' the ship.

Now it was fairly an insane
measure for a man of his means to
own a ship entire. That was rarely

done in all the whalin' business, for if a voyage proved unsuccessful, one man had to stand the whole loss.

Usually it was thought a sound business undertakin' to divide the ship into shares, sixty-fourths, and many people join in ownin' 'em. That greatly reduced the risk for the individual.

A bad voyage would likely ruin anyone of limited means if they were sole owner, and ships have been out and come back clean - not layin' harpoon into a single whale.

Well, that business never ought to have been but the Mermaid became ours and stood us in \$45,000-ship and outfit - before we ever set a sail on her.

I ^{had} planned to take my wife and two sons on that voyage, so the Mermaid was to be our home as well as our business.

I didn't spare any expense fixin' her up in fine shape. Company owners wouldn't do that. They wouldn't look upon such extravagance as good business.

Early in 1885 found us bound southward for an extended cruise in the

Atlantic and Indian oceans.

Touched at St. Helena and from that port we shipped what oil we had taken since leavin' New Bedford. That was a customary thing to do if the ship was so fortunate as to strike whale in crossin' the Atlantic that way.

There^{on} we cruised over to'ard the west coast of Africa. We didn't take any whales - didn't even sight one - but that's a whaler's luck, blowin' good and blowin' bad.

One day over there we met up with the Seine and the Sunbeam, also cruisin' the same grounds. There occurred one of the best examples of poor seamanship I ever encountered.

The Captain of the Seine had seen the Sunbeam but couldn't agree with her by 45 miles. That is, he had his ship placed 45 miles farther in toward the coast than the skipper of the Sunbeam his position was.

Then the Seine saw our ship and headed for her. We took observations together and couldn't agree by 60 miles. Well, now, that was abundant

proof that her captain was wrong. He was workin' 50 miles further inshore than his calculations gave him."

Good seamanship would have made him more cautious under such circumstances and seein' that he couldn't agree with two other captains as to his position."

Anyway, the Seine piled up on the rocks soon after that. Lost three of her men along with the ship and cargo.

Certainly, there was no excuse for that. Her captain had plenty of warning. Myself and one other master didn't agree with him by 50 miles, but he had gotten his chronometer at St. Helena and placed great confidence in it.

That is what comes of not bein' duly cautious. If the master of the Seine had been more careful he would have stood off half the night and saved his ship."

A good many things in this are not so much bad luck, as many suppose, but are the result of bad judgment and poor management. Soon after that, we ran into a school of whales. They weren't large, as

whales go, but we calculated on gettin' two or three to make up for their small size.

The third mate fetched up first and got fast to one of the critters. The rest ran off without us gettin' near enough to even tickle their ribs with our irons.

And this whale that the third ^{mate} was holdin' on to, ran off with the rest. Ran to the win'ward and was soon out of sight of the ship.

A stiff wind was blowin' and I couldn't see either whale or boat from the masthead. It was fairly early in the mornin' but with the seas runnin' so high I was decidedly alarmed with the situation.

Of course, I had all sail on but it was like goin' up a mountain. We worked up in the direction I last saw the boat earlier in the day. Everbody was constantly on the lookout.

Hours passed, anxious hours, too - and still not a sight of the third mate or the whale.

Sometime, between sunset and dark, we were beatin' our way along when

one of the most good-for-nothings fellows we had aboard sang out he saw something to our lee.

We had all been lookin' intent but hadn't seen a thing - hadn't seen the sign the boy did.

I was up masthead. The chief mate called up directions. I turned my glasses, sweepin' the spot indicated - and there it was - the third mate's boat, bottom side up in the water and only two men to be seen atop of her, dimly seen in the comin' darkles.

I run the ship right close alongside of 'em, hauled back and stopped close to.

We had a boat ready and dropped it right down to go to their rescue.

Two of the crew were still clinging to the upturned boat. A third was in the water. He was still livin' but seemed as unconscious as a dead fish. He had gotten to that point where he didn't have ^{the} strength to hold on any longer and had gradually slipped off. The others didn't have the strength to hold onto him either.

When we hauled up to the three men, of course, we took 'em right into

the boat. As the rescue crew pulled alongside the ship that unconscious man could be heard to murmur, "Hold me up hold me up."

Even on deck, he kept murmuring the same thing. We took him below into the cabin, stripped him and rubbed him vigorously.

Our treatment was effective and soon he came to. A ghostly look was on his face and he wanted to know if he was still on the upturned boat.

That was a man close to death but a Divine Providence was watchin' over him.

From the third mate, I learned that the whale was runnin' fast out of sight of the ship when the line got a foul and took the boat down. Instantly, the six men were dashed helplessly into the water.

One of the men was the cooper - most indispensable of the crew. He seldom mans a boat, but the mate havin' a dislike for him, ordered him into the boat as it was about to be lowered.

He couldn't swim so when the craft was overturned, someone gave him the oars to lean ^{on} and keep his

head above water. Then the rest swam off to find the boat and get ~~on top~~ on top of it.

The boatster was a young Portuguese and a fine swimmer. He looked 'round but didn't see any sign of rescue or the boat either. You see, it had been taken down out of sight.

Things looked utterly hopeless to him. So he put up his hand, said good by to the rest of the men and sank into the water. He didn't need to do that at all but he had no hope.

The other four struck out and soon reached the boat bottom side up, and climbed on top of her. Four of 'em ridin' that upturned craft and no a sail in sight!

Lucky we were in the trade wind and it was fairly warm weather. If the seas had been rough, no one would have been able to ride out the day. It would seem that all would have perished.

The cooper, we presumed, poor devil, clung to the oars as long as he could. But he weakened under the strain, or was mad bein' by himself and tossed helplessly about. So, he, too, gave up and went to a

Silent, watery grave.

Durin' the day, one other man succumbed. Exposure and the maddenin' situation caused him to slip off the boat. The others didn't have the strength to help him. So he, too, perished. But before he went out of sight he exclaimed, "God have mercy upon my soul!"

Well, we had beaten back and forth all day in the direction the whale had run. Didn't see a thing 'til nearly dark.

It was lucky we did then for we wouldn't have been so close to 'em at any other time. We went back and forth but had passed 'em. In a sea of ordinary swells that might easily happen.

With night comin' on, they never would have been alive 'til mornin' if we hadn't found 'em when we did.

We felt pretty bad about losin' those three men. That was a very serious thing, but it was just one of the perils of the whalin' business. Men who go down to the sea in

ships know these dangers. When the iron gets fast to a critter, most anything is liable to happen. You can see how dangerous it is to be out of sight of the ship at such times.

On the route from Cape Good Hope we were layin' in St. Helena, a call for ships where they get supplies, especially water. Other ships were in there and it was Sunday mornin'.

My wife, the boys and I went up to the Baptist Church for mornin' services.

The congregation had gathered. A good many of 'em were from the crews of the other ships layin' at anchor in the port. The superintendent of the Sunday School, a Mr. Jamison, was doin' the best he could to prolong the service 'til the minister arrived. He went through the preliminaries and a chapter from the book of Acts.

But the minister didn't come. Something had to be done. Mr. Jamison came down the aisle to where I was sittin'. He knew I spoke in public and asked me if I would make an address

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to the people there.

I said I had nothin' to talk about there was my wife, she could always talk (meanin' of course, she could always speak on any Biblical subject.)

The fact was that from the time she was twelve years old, her father kept her out of school to study the Bible. She had a knowledge of the Scripture that few folks possess, and she could talk about it by the hour.

So she followed Mr. Jameson up to the front of the church to take her place on the platform. As she walked up forward to the pulpit, she silently asked the Lord to help her. Mr. Jameson read from the third chapter of Acts, and she took the same for her text.

Well, sir, it was something great, and a surprise to every one. There was an audience made up partly of ship's crews but mostly from the regular congregation of the Baptist faith, who, who we afterwards learned, were opposed to women speakin' in public. It was their idea that the pulpit was no place for the female sex.

The minister never did arrive

that mornin', so the audience had to listen to a dose of woman preaching. That was a strange meetin' and I'll never forget it. The remarkable thing was through force of circumstances they had to listen to my wife expound the Gospel. I said I should have been glad if the President and his cabinet had been there to hear her.

When we put into New Bedford, off that voyage, I had a lot of St. Helena boys with me - young fellows trainin' for the sea. I had told the mothers that if they stayed with me I'd bring 'em all back again.

So I think I did a thing that no one else ever did before. I hired a steward and kept a boardin' house right on the ship. Some of 'em skipped off, of course, but those that stayed by me, I took out again to St. Helena on the next voyage, as I had promised.

Goin' out, we hit what we call the tail end of one of those West Indian hurricanes. It pretty near swept the coast of Florida clear. Then it spread out

somewhat followin' the Gulf Stream.

To mention ^{the} Gulf Stream, sir, is to bring up about one of nature's greatest curiosities. It is the result of a constant eastern wind on the Equator that draws the warm water up through the Caribbean Sea and Cuba. After it leaves the West Indian outlet, it branches off flowin' north over almost to Ireland. There it is very weak and in great North Atlantic Ocean, you don't notice it at all.

Who can explain why it is, that those hurricanes originate down there. Well, they do and that's another mystery that sea farin' men run across.

Wind is air in motion. Add electricity to that and you get sudden effects - sudden and violent.

Now on this voyage, we had gone east, then south across the Equator, and then east again well over toward the European side of the South Atlantic.

That's about the course the hurricane had taken and so we caught its tail end. Most of the men I had aboard the ship were strangers to me and I didn't want to run any risks.

So we had to lay to with three boats

on the lee side. Usually there's three boats on the larboard side and one on the starboard. You've got to lay to, so as to bring your larboard side to the leeward. That keeps the ship from goin' toward the center of the hurricane.

The boats of course were turned up on edge. Otherwise, when the ship closed down, the heavy sea would tip 'em under water. They'd come up full, and it probably would break 'em right in two.

For a spell the wind was moderate and then the gale broke upon us. We weren't quite prepared, it came so sudden like.

I had a rope tied to my waist - mind you, I was master but I didn't want any one else to take the risk. I went into those boats myself with that rope on me and passed out everything. Passed out all the equipment or we never would have saved it.

By that time the ship was careenin' like a drunken sailor. Wind whistled and howled through the riggin'. Times were when we didn't seem to do anything but dance up and down as succeedin' heavy seas broke over us.

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I stayed on deck right through the whole gale. It was my responsibility to see that everything was done that could be done. After that we could only ride her out. God's might shows itself in a harsh way sometimes.

That was a great gale - one of the worst I ever experienced.

There is a law about storms and it has taken 300 years or more to learn about the law of storms on the ocean.

Once when the English fleet was comin' from India, across the Indian Ocean, they ran into one of those terrific hurricanes. They learned a severe lesson then.

Ships that lay to on one tack were all lost. Those that lay to on the other tack came through alright.

A wind storm is a large whirlwind, terrible in the center. It took a long time to learn that if you were layin' to, so you must not be goin' toward that center. That was a great discovery and saved many a vessel.

But no gale is as bad as a tidal wave. I never saw one - only dreamed about 'em now and then. They are walls of water movin' right up and down.

A ship can't mount that. No base it. Just a wall. Some of 'em are estimated to be a hundred feet high.

All a ship could do if such a wave was encountered was to head into it. If she was leeward sides to, she couldn't mount it and was likely to be overwhelmed.

Round Cape Horn was particularly a treacherous place. Why so many ships were lost there, in times past, was due to sudden changes of the wind. Ships going along with all sail out would all at once run into a gale of wind right ahead and be capsized.

On one trip, I was roundin' the Cape, comin' down under short sail because it was stormy weather. The ship was runnin' before the wind in quite a fresh gale. All at once there was a sudden shiftin' of wind with great force and we were turned completely round, stern first.

The water off Cape Good Hope is what is called the Jealous Bank. It's the south tip of Africa. The current there comes out of the Indian Ocean with waters runnin' westward. When it comes 'round so that the gales and sea run together, that's nice.

But when a gale sets in, in the west and runs in an opposite direction, the sea is badly broken up. Waves become choppy and treacherous. They break up into heaps with wind against the current. A ship had slim chance under such conditions.

Thinkin' of Cape Good Hope reminds me of a strange thing that happened on my last voyage in the Mermaid. One of the strangest things of my seafarin' days.

We were comin' out of the Indian Ocean. The last call was at Zanzibar off the east coast of Africa. Some of the young fellows in the crew got disease durin' the voyage before this one. That was a very serious thing. But when whalersmen and sailors go into port all the places of vice are open to 'em.

There was a young man aboard whose home was in Fall River. He had a tendency toward consumption and his father brought him down to New Bedford to try a voyage at sea. So he signed up to go whalin' on the Mermaid.

The change from inland was quite radical, but on the ocean he got in-

tirely well. He was a Godly-minded lad and liked to talk about religion with members of the crew.

There was also another young fellow on board by the name of George Benjamin. He was in a condition that he would not live a great while. Disease he caught in Zanzibar had riddled his body pretty badly.

Well, this Fall River lad tried his best to reclaim Benjamin and get him to be a Christian.

But Benjamin stoutly maintained it was no use to try to be a Christian aboard a ship. He was goin' to wait 'til he got back to St. Helena, his home. Then he would renew his Christian life. This despite the fact that the Bible recommends, "Now is the accepted time".

When we came to leave the Indian Ocean and go 'round the Cape of Good Hope, we were beset with gales. One after another, they blew up out of the west and spit salt water in our faces.

Eleven days we struggled against those winds. In all, we didn't make but 150 miles, where ordinarily we would have gone that distance in each 24 hours.

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Then one night Benjamin turned seriously ill. When he was near death the gales slacked. About 7 o'clock the next mornin' he died. By noon the gales had completely died away, the skies cleared and there was a fair wind.

The man who said that a ship was no place to be a Christian, had gone the way of all flesh. There's a moral in that for all of us. What you would do do it now.

Almighty God, who controls the winds and the waves and circumstances beyond the comprehension of humanity, wouldn't allow that ship to enter the Atlantic Ocean 'til that man was dead.

That was a sad thing, sir. We don't like to bury anyone at sea, and certainly no one wants to be laid to rest in an unknown, unmarked spot.

If it is master or mates who die, we always put 'em in a cask of oil and preserve 'em 'til we got back home.

But we knew little about Benjamin's family, so decided to give him as decent a burial as possible right where we were. Just at sunset, we brought his body

out on deck. It was sewed in heavy canvas. Lashed to each leg, near the foot was a heavy sand bag. That was the usual method so as to carry the body down to the bottom to sink him.

There was a strong breeze and a fair wind. I hauled back and stopped the ship. The flag was at half-mast and the body had come forward to the gangway, where the body was to be slid off a plank into the water.

Right there a remarkable thing happened. We had started the last rites of the dead. I was reading a portion of the Scriptures appropriate to the occasion, when a huge wave struck the ship on the opposite side. The spray broke high in the air, wetting the deck and all of us on it.

That was a most singular thing and made a deep impression upon the crew as they let the body slip over the side of the ship. At once, it disappeared under the water. The ship passed on.

The man who couldn't be a Christian on ship board went the way of all flesh. But there will come a time when the sea will give up their dead.

again. The Bible tells us about ²⁵⁻⁵⁻
that.

Still, it's a sad thing to bury a
man at sea.

Surely, those who go down to the
sea in ships see strange things. But
God who made heaven and earth
had a special care for sea-farin' folks.

"They that go down to the sea in
ships, that do business in great waters:

These see the works of the Lord, and
his wonders in the deep."

~~again. The Bible tells us about that
Still, it's a sad thing to bury a man
surely those that go down to the
sea in ships see strange things. But
God who made Heaven and earth has
a special care for sea-farin' folks.
They that go down to the sea in
ships, that do business in great
waters:
"These see the works of the Lord, and
his wonders in the deep."~~

